WHAT IS WANTED.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 56. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. (31 Dept.),
94, Manor Park Road, LONDON, N.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 56. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

IS SMYTH-PIGOTT A MAN?

AN ANALYSIS OF HIS CHARACTER

Though the days of puritanical prudery have gone by—it is to be hoped for good—respect for morality and reverence for religion are no less strong in the hearts of the people than they ever were, and open and violent abuse of either is bound to result eventually in an outburst of public indignation.

If the reports of the habits and practices of the Agapemonites in the "Abode of Love" at Spaxton are correct, or even partially correct, it cannot be for much longer that such an institution will be tolerated in Christian England.

A description of those habits and practices need not be given here.

But there must be many to whom the personality of John Hugh Smyth-Pigott, the unfrocked priest of the Church of England, and head of the Agapemone, is a mystery.

Granting that the allegations against him are justified, and there is little cause to doubt them, it is hard to understand how an individual can have the blasphemous audacity to declare himself the "Messiah" while at the same time he indulges in orgies of immorality that would put a Turk to shame.

Some hold the opinion that he is merely an unscrupulous rogue with sybaritic impulses; others that he is even sincere. Both, as being final explanations of Pigott as a man, are inconceivable.

If merely a rogue, he would be unable to preserve the allegiance of the hundred or more women said to be resident in the "Abode." These women cannot all be there against their will.

As regards the opinion that he may be sincere, it can only be retorted that lunatics are sincere, but they are none the less dangerous.

Assuredly, the practice of adultery in the name of religion postulates abnormality in a man.

In men abnormal vanity and abnormal lust are often allied; in women religious fervour is strongly intermingled with physical sensations.

Many women of virtuous tendencies and upbringing become immoral and see no shame in it under the persuasion of a man who cloaks his lasciviy in a garb of highly-coloured religion.

But men are not like this. Between the sexes there are acute temperamental differences. The passions of the normal man, as every normal man knows, are intermittent. A man must be abnormal to the point of insanity to be able to indulge perpetually in riot and lust.

Of such a type must be Pigott, unless the stories about him are fiction; the Church of England would not have deprived him of his priesthood unless the stories had foundation in fact.

Pigott, therefore, can only be looked upon as an individual whom the law should not permit to remain at large. The existence of the "Abode" is an outrage upon the decencies of humanity, and it is time that the people demanded its instant removal.

C. WOLFF.

CHEEK.

To encourage his people to be prolific the Kaiser has promised to be godfather to the eighth child of every German family in the Fatherland. "We want eight, and we won't wait," now sings Frau to her hubby.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge at Cardiff.—"If there were no struggle in life, nothing to overcome, it would be extremely dull and bad for everybody." The originality of these wise men staggers us.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Liberal members are extremely indignant with Mrs. Gertrude Pearson for publicly declaring at Grimsby that—"In looking after the big things we are apt to overlook the trifles, and it is the trifles that govern the whole."

* * *

A hardened criminal who recently received a life sentence for burglary was said to possess a brain as large as that of a Cabinet Minister. In the opinion of many opponents of the Budget that fact explains everything.

* * *

According to the Hon. F. S. Jackson, "The finest thing in the world is the building up of a big reputation; all the time you are building it you are thoroughly enjoying it." Just so, old chap. Thanks; we are having a ripping time.

* * *

Isn't it rather unkind of Mr. Herbert Trench to have the following notice printed on the programmes at the Haymarket?—"Ladies are earnestly requested to remove hats, bonnets, or any kind of head-dress." He surely cannot be so unchivalrous as to mean wigs.

* * *

"The Nest of the Sparrowhawk" is the name of Baroness Orczy's new novel. Authors are frequently "up a tree" for a title.

* * *

"We are wasting millions to help those to live who have not, and never will have, a gleam of intelligence! Why not submit these idiots to a painless death?" Thus sayeth the Mayor of Plymouth. We respectfully remind this gentleman that suicide is an indictable offence.

* * *

Heroes in fiction are wonderful creatures. For instance, the one in Baroness von Hutten's "Kingsmead" is walking home, quite alone, all through the first chapter, and at the commencement of the second he reaches the door and gets out of a cart.

* * *

"Dr. Bode on the Bust" reads a massive headline in a morning paper. Suspecting a slip on the part of a sub-editor, we read on, but were relieved to find that it was not the bloodless surgeon celebrating the result of the recent case.

* * *

There has been a marked decrease in the quantity of whisky consumed this year, which fact pleases Mr. Lloyd George mightily. When spirits go down spirits go up.

E. MILLAR.

MANICURE.

THE BEST METHOD OF KEEPING THE HANDS TRIM.

When a woman speaks of manicure, she conjures up visions of many orange sticks, pots of bleaching and colouring pastes, and so forth. To a man, manicure simply means the keeping of his hands in decent order. He does not care whether his nails look white or pink, so long as they and his hands are clean and trim.

To describe a black line of dirt below the finger nails as "a bit of honest" is to blame labour or sport for what is not necessarily a concomitant circumstance. There is no reason why a man's hands or nails should be dirty, no matter what his occupation or his pleasures may be.

The engineer and the motor-cyclist are likely to get their hands as dirty as anyone, so I may deal with them as patients. Those whose hands are less soiled can adapt my directions to their needs.

If the hands are very dirty, it is wise in the first place to rub them all over with grease of some description; cold cream, vaseline, or even a lump of ordinary fat will answer the purpose. The grease slackens the dirt from the pores of the skin, and, when the hands have been thoroughly rubbed with it, attention must be given to its removal.

A large bowl of very hot water, in which a lump of soda has been dissolved, is as good as anything. Use plenty of soap and keep up the washing till the last particle of dirt has disappeared.

The hands should then be rinsed in clean, soapless water, and held for a few seconds under the cold tap to draw the pores of the skin together again.

It is wise to apply a little cold-cream after this cleansing in order to prevent the skin from chapping, as it is liable to do in this cold weather.

With regard to the nails, the dirt has now been removed, and the only thing that remains to be done is to pare them sufficiently, so that they do not scratch anyone with whom you may be shaking hands. The nails should be cut down so as not to project beyond the flesh of the fingers, but they should not be cut lower than that. It is best to use a pair of scissors; if you use a knife, the cut is apt to run in a slanting direction down to the quick.

With regard to the cuticle, press it backwards with a manicure implement or with the sharpened end of a wooden match, but on no account should it be cut, for if you do that it is liable to divide up into hang-nails.

It is very wise to buy a small manicure outfit from a chemist. You can get a very good one for sixpence or a shilling, including a pad with which the nails may be polished, and a combined implement made of bone with one end sharpened for the removal of dirt beneath the nails, with a small file for rubbing down the rough edges after you have cut your nails, and a miniature brush for furbishing up odd corners.

WM. POLLACK.

How I Keep Myself Fit

THE SYSTEM FOLLOWED BY ONE INDOOR WORKER.

This is for the benefit of those readers who, like myself, have to earn their bread "bottled up."

I have many friends whose occupations are similar to mine; they earn their bread by counter-jumping or pen-pushing. These poor chaps are often looked down upon and scoffed at by their more fortunate brethren who are able to live and earn their daily bread in the open air. Such men are generally happy-hearted, hard-constituted, bronzed-faced individuals, who seemingly have no care in the world.

Of course they have their cares like the rest of us, but take the average outdoor worker and place him beside the average clerk or draper's assistant, live with each one a couple of days, and you will soon see the difference.

I have five most admirable companions, so far as everyday companions go. We swop visits to each others' homes or digs, each taking in his turn the entertainment of the others.

I have rated and raved at them to bestir themselves a bit in off-work hours, until I am disgusted.

I expect we are a fair example of the average in our walks of life; if so, then the average is only a half-alive man.

QUACKERY.

It is true we have a weekly ramble when the weather is fine, and we can lark about town and show plenty of energy and spirit if any of the gentler sex are watching us, but, to take my five companions in private life, they are only a puny, poorly lot, always doctoring themselves up, always sleepy-headed in the mornings, always in bed until well on to noon on Sundays, and they can always find somewhere to place a bursting meal so long as they take a pill afterwards. Yet if you ask any one of them how he is, he says invariably, "In the pink, thanks!" And he goes on to say he is never ill, "except a bit of indigestion or that beastly headache, you know."

Now I do not want to develop into a faddist, but I may mention that, although until almost seventeen years old I was a confirmed invalid, I am now at twenty-five as strong as any two of them.

I will not enter into the nature of my struggles for health, but it riles me to see that men given health and strength, should not make an effort to keep it.

SLACKERS.

I can go to the digs of all but one and see the bottle of quackery on the mantelshelf, to be taken after each meal. Yet they are in "perfect health"!

Why won't they shake themselves up and make the blood run through their veins with such a bound as it has not known for years?

A cold tub they shiver at, and they "have no time" for a bit of physical exercise in the morning before they turn out, or in the evening before retiring, just to keep them in trim.

Now my hours are as long as theirs at their respective places of business, yet I have a fixed *regime*, and I can always keep fit. My work is sedentary and very trying, but I have not taken a dose of medicine of any description for five years.

To those who "have no time" let me describe how I work it in.

I have to be at work at 8 a.m. prompt.

I rise at six o'clock, or as near as possible, run downstairs, put the kettle and shaving water on the gas stove, run back upstairs, strip, and have from fifteen to twenty minutes' exercise with 8lb dumb-bells.

Hail, rain, snow, blow, bad weather or good, I throw my window wide open—and it opens almost from floor to ceiling—and I exercise naked in the full draught, and I go at it until I perspire freely.

That finished, I jump into my tub of cold water for about half a minute in cold weather, and two or three minutes in warm weather. Then out I jump and have a thorough rub with as coarse a towel as I can procure.

Then I dress and have my breakfast, which I invariably prepare myself.

I always enjoy this meal, for I make it of good wholesome food. The meals we get at the shop are scandalous both in quantity and quality; consequently I have little else to eat until I get home again at 8 or 8·30 in the evening, except for a couple of apples which I invariably take in my pocket when I set out in the morning.

QUALITY IN GRUB.

My next hearty meal is as soon as I return home in the evening. Occasionally I go with my friends to a little restaurant and have my meal there; as I live with my mother, and consequently keep the home, it really does not make a great difference to my pocket whether I sup at home or out.

Some may ask how I go so long with comparatively little to eat. My reply is that I stick to the best quality in the matter of food.

A small plate of porridge, prepared overnight, is what I open out on, with a few dates or some other fruit, which I think is nicer than jam. I follow on with bread and butter, and a plate of cold ham, tongue, beef, mutton, or anything I happen to fancy, so long as it does not take too much preparing.

I generally have a good hot dinner at night, and on this diet I am thriving and strong.

It is not to be wondered at that some men's food does not agree with them, for I know many who make their meals of pastries and sweets and the most unwholesome dishes, and who then question their digestive powers.

"HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

I do not want to force my ideas down other people's throats, but I hate to see young men aping about town like a lot of half-grown girls. When you talk to them of sport they know it all, although they never strain a muscle. They ask me my secret of a straight back and a sharp eye, and an energetic frame. I have given the reasons.

Those who have known me long enough remember that, not many years ago, I was given up by the doctors.

Now, through my own efforts, I am manager of a flourishing branch shop. Yet, when they were learning their trades or going to school, I was mouching about with my back up, and the dupe of all the quacks in the kingdom, until someone, a man, a Yorkshireman, gave me a sound blowing up, and made me determine I would either be a thorough man or die. I haven't died.

And I wish that man had a chance of blowing several more up as he did me.

If this catches the eye of any despondent City man who is in the same way as I was, let him take heart.

Don't take medicine but exercise.

Don't be afraid of using your muscles.

Buck up. Look the world in the face, and be an Englishman.

C. RUTLAND.

TELEPHONE TIPS.

A STUDY IN POLITE ECONOMY.

Never expend twopence at a public call office if you have a friend who possesses a private telephone in his office.

"Mony a mickle maks a muckle," as the Scots proverb says (for translation see a dictionary, or ask Mr. Andrew Carnegie), and even if you have to take a taxi-cab to your friend's office, you can bask in the glow of conscious virtue which comes of having saved two d.

Besides, your friend will be so pleased to see you, more especially if you call at the busiest time of the day. It is, by the way, just as well to have some pretext for calling, apart from your desire to make use of your friend. Of course, if you are a big, bony, determined sort of man, and your friend very much the reverse, you may march boldly in, loudly demanding the instant use of the 'phone; and should your friend happen to be using it, and not at once cut himself off in your favour, it is certainly a dashed unfriendly act on his part.

Ordinarily, however, you should have some excuse for calling, and then, having advanced it, you say casually, "Oh, may I use your 'phone," at the same time proceeding to do so, before he has a chance of refusing your request.

Now the fun begins, and a really skilful player can keep it up for quite a long time.

The first move is to ring up someone whose number is not in the telephone book. This necessitates a pleasant chat with "Enquiry," and much shouting and recapitulation of figures. Having got the number, forget it promptly. This means another five minutes' conversazione.

Alternatively, give "Exchange" the wrong number, and thus provide yourself with an opportunity of threatening to report "her" for inattention to a *subscriber*.

If by this time your friend is pacing up and down the room like a tiger with toothache, don't take any notice beyond wondering audibly why he is such a blanked fool as to keep a dashed irritating instrument like the telephone in his office.

When you have at last got through, the game enters on a new phase. It takes two persons properly to play the telephone game, and this is where the second party comes in.

"Hello, hello! is that Mr. Robinson? Who am I? Is that Mr. Robinson? Who am I? Is that Mr. Robinson? Eh, what? I'm Mr. Brown. No, not Jones—Brown. B-r-o-w-n. Brown, Brown, BROWN. Why the—oh, is that you, Robinson? Eh, what? Mr. Robinson's out. Well, why the— tell him to ring up 00019728 Central when he comes in—you don't mind my waiting, old man, do you?"

When telephoning from a friend's office you should preferably speak on private topics. Is that you, Dolly? How are you, dar—? Then you lower your voice to a whisper, at the same time looking round to see whether anyone is listening. If your friend is a gentleman, he will, of course, go and wait outside on the mat until you have finished.

If, however, your alleged friend is so lost to all decent feeling as to remain in his own office while you are using his telephone, then proceed to talk in cipher, interspersing your cryptic remarks with mysterious giggles and "you knows," "I'll tell you another time," and so on.

If the person you wish to speak to is out, and you can't wait more than an hour, leave instructions for him to ring up your friend, who will, of course, be delighted to take a message for you.

Your friend will probably have the telephone on his desk, but don't be afraid of keeping his chair warm for him, while if in the course of your operations you can contrive to sweep most of the papers on to the floor you will merely add to the general joy inspired by your visit.

Don't forget to curse the telephone and all its works, and to remind your friend what an idea it is for keeping one on the premises.

Finally, go away and write a moral essay on the virtue of saving money—at other people's expense.

F. K. HALLIFORD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

OFF THE LINE

By F. FOSTER-WALSH.

You could see It in Joe Schultz's thin, shaky, hands. It looked out of his big, staring eyes, and showed Itself in the great dome of his wispy-haired head, whereon the knotted veins stood out. He was not a member of our little club, but the Secretary himself never thought of asking him for his credentials, and even the very small and unkempt billiard-marker, impertinent to most members, was respectful to Joe Schultz, when, bent-backed, he hovered round the billiard table like an unwelcome memory of dark days.

You see, It always protected him, and men either pitied him or were fearful of his presence. The "divine fire" had descended on Joe Schultz. He was, as they said, "off the line," an odd log in the driftwood of humanity that somehow had got anchored accidentally in the little creek in the world's waterways which we called "The Club.'

It appeared that there was a certain small sum per annum which Joe Schultz enjoyed, and which had saved itself from the wreck of Joe Schultz on the rocks of indiscretion.

Incidentally it had saved the log which was Joe Schultz from rotting altogether. It had put iron bands round him. In point of fact certain mysterious lawyers paid him the money weekly, and it gave him no chance to go on the loose whatever, because nothing would give Joe oblivion but brandy, and it was beyond the capacity of the said sum to provide enough of that. Yet there were nights when the fire that smouldered always in his brain burst into flame—nights when the "Map of the World on Mercator's Projection," a massive sheet on the smoke-room wall, was a strange magnet to him. At such times we would watch him following with his big, staring eyes the markings of the steamship routes in black lines, red lines, and little dots.

Then he would trace them with a grimy finger, run over them swiftly and furiously with a stump of red-lead pencil, or scrab at them with his very nails until It blazed in his eyes, and we knew the soul of Joe Schultz was free to wander around the wide world and back again to the ends of all the earth.

In addition, he sometimes had an odd habit of using two pencils—a violet copying-ink pencil and one of the blacklead variety—and these he drew from his waistcoat pocket. The black-lead pencil was very tiny, and attached to the little riveted piece of tin at the unsharpened end of it, was a length of pale blue silken cord that plainly showed it had once been affixed to a dance programme.

The dance programme pencil always started on its journey first, very slowly, leaving the dot on the map marked London.

Schultz would turn to the little group of the Club members who comprised his attentive audience, and would grin, like the maniac he was, as he slowly slithered it down—obviously from Charing Cross—on the boat train route.

Then, after a pause on the coast line, the pencil would cross the Channel. From Calais to Paris was an easy stage for the dance programme marker. Then Schultz would produce the copying-ink pencil and suddenly jab it into the heart of Paris or, rather, the dot that represented it.

It was obvious enough to the Club Secretary—a man whose accurate perception even extended to a wizard-like smelling out of breakers of the sacred Rules—that the pencils represented persons.

"And the bit with the silk cord attached is a woman, you bet," he would say.

Now it was only once—and the very last occasion that the fire descended on Schultz—that those two pencils ever got any further than Paris. They were usually left there together, and then Joe Schultz would sweep his bony hand over his great head, but get no further with them.

But on this night, both pencils being held as usual on the Paris dot, Schultz's big eyes suddenly lit up with fiendish delight. He had remembered what he had been searching his poor, wrecked, tangled brain for at last!

Muttering something to the bunch of us that stood round, he swiftly bound the pencils together by means of the silken cord on the smaller one, and after a moment's deep thought he started again, slowly, with that devilish smile on his face.

These two pencils, tied together—"the Man met the Woman at a ball, of course," observed our Secretary—gradually travelled southward from Paris by the overland route, over the Alps into Italy, and down the east coast of that fair land to Brindisi, where the pencils paused.

"Oh, God! It's gone again—gone again!" said Schultz, despairingly.

"That's all right, old man," said the Secretary, in the urbane manner he employed to soothe members with alleged grievances. "That's *all* right. Say no more about it."

But Joe Schultz still stood against the map, and, placing his left arm against the wall, laid his great hand upon it and shut out the light from his eyes.

"No, leave me alone," he said, when the Secretary tried to reason with him. "Let me be, so that the steamships don't cruise about in straight lines in my head, . . . or round the corner sudden-like just the same as they swish round the Cape in the map, and then go off bang away to . . . . to Adelaide. Adelaide! Yes, that's it, my God, Adelaide!—and somehow the name wouldn't come into my head before . . . . just stood outside and wouldn't come in."

"What *is* this man talking about?" asked a member of the club who was addicted to putting many questions on the agenda paper.

"S-sh!" said the Secretary, a warning finger raised to enjoin silence.

Joe Schultz had lifted his head off his left arm. His right hand still held the two pencils that were bound together, on the heel of Italy, where Brindisi is marked.

He turned to us for a moment and grinned evilly.

"Friends," he said—his laugh was a little hysterical and totally innocent of humour—"friends, I will show you! You watch and ——"

He broke off abruptly. The knotted cords on his big head were standing out clearer now, and his thick-lipped mouth, gaping half-open, dribbled idiotically.

"Ach! you shall see, friends, you shall see!"

Again the pencils started and travelled jerkily down that Ionian Sea that washed the shores of the pleasant land of Greece, leaving the Isle of Candia to the north and passing southward by way of the Mediterranean to where the Pharos of Alexandria looks out on the world and the fort frowns on the sea over which Greek, Macedonian, and Roman, even the European nations of these latter days, have sailed to break down the Gate of Egypt, which is the city of Alexandria; thence in a small half-circle sweep to Port Said, beyond the Tanitic mouth of the Nile, to the entrance of the Suez Canal.

Joe Schultz turned to us, still holding the little pencils, lashed together, on Port Said at the head of the Canal.

His left hand dived into his torn waistcoat-pocket, and he produced the piece of red pencil. He turned again to the big map, and with his left hand brought the thick point of the red pencil down on London.

"That pencil," said our Secretary, in an awed whisper, "represents himself. Now watch!"

Fast enough he drew the red pencil viâ Dover and Calais to Paris. Then the pencil was dotted about around Paris, while Schultz looked puzzled. Then the light of understanding shone on his forbidding countenance.

"He picked up their traces!" the Secretary put in. "A world chase, by Jove, and the woman was someone he held very dear. Possibly——"

But the red pencil was off again, swiftly traversing the same Overland Route to Brindisi. There was a grin of the most evil delight—the delight of the Hunter on the trail of the Hunted—on the face of Schultz.

He held the red pencil momentarily on Brindisi and turned his attention to the Two bound together at Port Said.

Quite unexpectedly, they traversed the tiny half-circle again back to Alexandria.

"Trying to throw him off the scent," said the Secretary.

One could feel the misery of these Two plainly enough, at their wits' end, and in semi-hiding in Alexandria.

Then—the red pencil had left Brindisi and was forging ahead towards Alexandria. The Two again made the journey to Port Said and waited there.

"Missed the boat. He caught 'em at Port Said!" the Secretary observed, excitedly. Our eyes were riveted on that evil red pencil nearing Alexandria.

It had reached Port Pharos by the time the Two were off again down the Suez Canal, touching finally at Aden, before making the dash across the five thousand odd miles of plain sea to King George's Sound and Albany. The red pencil followed in their track, and there was a horrible glint in the great eyes of Joe Schultz as he traced it over the same steamship route after them.

The Two did not pause at Albany, which is in the corner of Western Australia. They made the passage through the Great Australian Bight by the little Kangaroo Island into Adelaide itself.

Schultz brought the two points down decisively to show that they stayed for awhile, but the inexorable red Avenger followed until that also was nigh unto the capital town of South Australia.

"Flushed 'em in Adelaide, by George!" said the Secretary.

Then Joe Schultz licked his lips—hideous to see—somehow we knew it was the lust for killing—and we watched the pencils fearfully.

Very slowly and jerkily—the Two seemed to be dead beat at last—the hunted moved up country, while the hunter paused at Adelaide.

It was plain from Schultz's expression that for a space he was checked at Adelaide. Once the red pencil moved to the westward, once to the East.

Then the Hell-light came into his eyes again.

Swiftly the red line moved up country, finally touching the Two—and a weird cry escaped the lips of Schultz. It was an animal cry, like that of a beast springing on its prey, rending its living flesh to ribbons. None of us dared move or speak, somehow. There was fear of this human beast who wielded the devilish red pencil upon us.

Swiftly he unbound the two pencils, broke them in little pieces, and, casting them to the ground, stamped on them until they were but splinters of cedar wood.

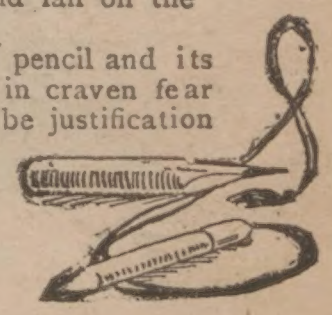
He fell on the floor by the side of them, gloating over them, and breaking them into still smaller splinters. . . .

Then some of us found our senses, for there was froth at the mouth of Joe Schultz.

* * * * * * *

Thus, it seems that Joe Schultz will have to answer in that dim place where souls are weighed in the balance for a crime that he committed—and yet escaped the penalty that should fall on the taker of human life—on earth.

But, seeing that the copying-ink pencil and its silken-corded mate obviously flew in craven fear from the red Avenger, there may be justification even for Joe Schultz!



PUTTING MY CLOTHES TO RIGHTS.

A MONTHLY FIELD DAY WITH MY WARDROBE.

There are three ways of keeping your clothes in good trim, and they are to keep buying new garments as soon as each begins to show signs of wear, to send them to the dry cleaners, or to take them in hand yourself.

The first two are undoubtedly expensive, and though the last-named method may cost a certain amount in time and trouble, the expenditure is well made, and it is strongly to be recommended to all who, like myself, are possessed of incomes which put the first two methods out of the question. Once a month or so I have a regular field day with my wardrobe, usually on a Saturday or Sunday when I have the time to spare, and when daylight is available.

To take the suits first, I begin on the trousers, turning down those which are "permanently turned-up," and giving them a thorough brushing. Then I get to work on them with a flat iron, having first made sure that no buttons are missing, or if they are, having sewn them on again. If there is any danger of the hot iron injuring the cloth I put a piece of brown paper or a thin towel over the trousers.

Then the trousers go back into the drawer or into my press, and I turn my attention to the waistcoat.

THE USES OF THE IRON.

Here again the hot iron is used to take out any bad creases, the security of the buttons is tested or remedied, and any rents in lining or pocket are made good. Any grease spots or similar stains are next removed with benzine and a piece of clean flannel, and the garment is brushed, folded flat, and sent to join the trousers.

The coat gets much the same treatment, the iron often coming in useful for the sleeves. The benzine is applied liberally to the inside of the coat collar, and this often results in considerable economy in next week's washing bill, for not only does this particular part of the coat collect the dirt, but it transmits a good deal of it to the linen collar.

Then, if the coat has been lying by, and is at all creased, I put it away on a coat-hanger; if not, I fold it up carefully and place it with the rest of the suit in a drawer.

If I have not any benzine handy—and as it may not be sold after dark this is often the case—the cleaning often has to be done with soap and water. I keep an old nail-brush for the purpose, and also an old bit of sponge. The garments have then to be left to dry before being put away.

AIRING MY COATS.

Those coats that are likely to smell extra strong of tobacco—though I am afraid I scarcely notice the difference myself—I hang out of the window or in the garden if the weather is fine enough, so that they may have a chance of getting rid of the tobacco aroma.

In some cases I find work for a pair of large scissors that I keep handy—for instance, the bottoms of the trousers often need trimming where the end of the cloth has frayed owing to their being badly turned up by the tailor. Or again, a pair of spiral puttees of coarse texture that I have are often in need of having their frayed edges trimmed.

Then I go through all my underclothing, and anything that needs repairing is set on one side, while here and there an article which will not pass muster is discarded for good.

Next I attack my ties, and here again the hot iron becomes of use.

You may say that ironing is not man's work, and that it would be better to buy new ties than to have to iron the old ones yourself. I quite agree, but I have to make the best of a bad job, as you would do if you were in my position, and found the buying of ties on a lavish scale an impossibility, while you had no one to ask to do ironing or "renovating" for you.

So I do the ironing myself and make my ties as presentable as I can, sometimes taking the whole lining out of a tie and ironing it separately, and then replacing it.

A collar inspection follows. Those that are frayed at the top are doubled over the other way—inside out—and those that are past hope are discarded or given away.

HOW I GET RID OF OLD CLOTHES.

I rarely throw away any of my clothes. Although they are not usually worth much when I have done with them, I know of one or two fellows who are only too glad to have them, and their circumstances are usually such that the fact that a collar is frayed does not matter much. The important thing is that they can wear a linen collar instead of having none at all.

Then I go through my socks, for my landlady, who is supposed to darn them, has a wonderfully bad eye for the discovery of holes, and has also a habit of rolling up odd socks as if they were a pair, both of which delinquencies are disconcerting when one is in a hurry in the morning.

Next come my boots, and each pair is taken and overhauled in turn. New laces are put in where they appear to be necessary, so as to avoid the catastrophe that always occurs when one is in the greatest hurry, and the brown boots, if they appear to need it, are set on trees and scrubbed clean with an old nail brush and soap and water before being finally dried and polished.

FURBISHING UP MY SLIPPERS.

My slippers and pumps also, which never come in for much attention at other times, are brushed and cleaned.

Finally, my hats and caps and my overcoat go through the mill, though a thorough brushing often provides all that is necessary to smarten them up.

Sometimes, however, there may be a button to be replaced on the coat, or the ribbon of a hat may need tacking to it, or some such detail may want putting right. If so, this is the day to do it, and though the result may not be any marked improvement in my appearance, I know that without my periodical "field days," I could not manage to appear even tolerably well turned-out.

THE IDEAL AND THE REALITY.

I am faced with the necessity of doing things for myself. Of course, the ideal would be to have a valet to do them for me, but he remains part of my dreams.

He might perhaps turn me out better than I appear at present, for he would have more expensive clothes to work upon. But I am sure I should not take half as much pride and satisfaction in appearing well-dressed as I do now on a comparatively small number of shillings a week.

I always make a point of getting as good clothes as I can afford, and then they are worth the trouble I take with them on my monthly field day.

R. J. LEVISON.

BAR BEHAVIOUR.

SOME TYPES ONE MEETS IN TAVERN

Some men ought to be permanently barred from bars—refreshment-bars, I am talking of.

There is the loathsome cad who makes himself offensive to the barmaid—I don't mean in the obvious way of using foul or disgusting language, but by taking advantage of her more or less protected position to say things to her which he would not dare to say to her were she not where she is.

I always yearn to kick swine of this sort when I hear them indulging in "blue chaff" or double meanings which no self-respecting woman would willingly listen to. And the majority of barmaids are self-respecting girls who work hard for a living wage, and are in every way entitled to masculine respect and courtesy.

Then there is the silly ass who gabbles about how fearfully screwed he was the night before. Why any man should inform perfect strangers that he doesn't know when to leave off, passes my understanding. But you know the sort of chap I mean. He comes in, rather pink about the eyes, rather pasty about the gills, and in an exaggeratedly feeble voice asks for a brandy-and-soda. Then he leans or affects to lean his head on the counter, and groans forth his woes.

How "awfully jolly" tight he was the night before, how rotten he feels, followed by a recital of all the silly vinous things he has done, and in the while he is looking round for admiration from the other occupants of the bar. He makes me tired, does this blethering kind of boozer.

There is the inconsiderate idiot who brings a yapping, quarrelsome dog into the bar, but he has already been dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, and so, too, I think, has the "edger"—the annoying person who, when talking to you, gradually keeps edging you along the bar, so that you find yourself yards away from your drink and your stick, and your gloves.

But the people who especially get on my nerves are the selfish brutes who block up the bar so that you cannot get near it for a drink.

There may be plenty of vacant seats and settees in the lounge, but they will stand or sit close up to the counter, regardless of the fact that there are men behind them who want a drink.

If I were a publican I should deal pretty smartly with these counter-blocking boundersfor they drive away customers, and they will go on sitting or standing in the way long after they have finished their drink.

Then there is the bally fool who seeks to draw you, a perfect stranger, into a discussion on Tariff Reform or Dreadnoughts. He is often a bore of a person, and he brings his breath too close to you to be pleasant.

There is the posturer, the man who is very anxious to let you know what his business is. He is generally a third-rate actor or musician, and he insists upon giving free entertainments. "A glass of bitter, sweet one. Tra-la-la-li-a-dee! That's by Jove, hoarse as a crow to-day!" or want of it.

There is the barmaid-masher. He is a nuisance because he monopolises the girl's attention, and you have to shout yourself black in the face to get attended to.

But on the whole he is a joy to me, and I recall this to me delightful recollection of one of the barmaid-ogling tribe. He was a gorgeous youth; in fact, so far as Burlington Arcade fashion went, he was "it," and he leant with one elbow on the edge of the bar looking unutterable things into the pellucid orbs of Hebe—I believe this is the correct phrase—the while I vainly bleated forth my requirements.

Then, turning his head to stare haughtily at me, his elbow slipped, and his aristocratic nose met the marble-topped bar with great violence, and he was removed in a cab and bandages.

However, what I set out to chatter about was bar behaviour, and what I want to know is why so many men seem to leave their manners, their self-respect, and all sense of consideration for others when they enter a bar.

C. T. Shaw

THE SEER

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

He stood at the corner of a street, a young, clean-shaven man, with a pallid face and eyes that glowed brightly amid surrounding shadow, and he had not the faintest idea where to go next nor what to do with himself.

It was one of the streets of London, a place of steady lights and moving people, hurrying traffic, and upreared buildings, whether one looked to the left or looked to the right.

The young man did both, gazing for a long time at the steady lights, his eyes having the wide, fixed absorption of one who looks at great distance and sees not the things at hand; then he let his gaze rest upon one face and another as they passed him by.

While he watched the lights he had been slowly wondering what he should do with himself; while he watched the passing people he wondered where they were going, and why they walked, and who they were, and what they thought.

And more than all he wondered why the people did not look happier.

He knew he would look happier if he had somewhere to go, just as he knew he looked deserted and miserable standing there not having the faintest idea what he should do with himself.

* * * * * *

And as he stood and watched the passing people and thought about them slowly, it was as though he saw them in a sort of luminous haze, which made visible the atmosphere carried about by each one—that atmosphere which really and truly contained the personality.

It was that atmosphere charged with personality which gave reason for likes and dislikes, and was the cause of sensations of sympathy or aversion between one and the other which people often felt without being able to explain why.

That was when personality was felt but unseen. But when one was separate from the world, as he was, and had nowhere to go, and no one at all to care, then there came this sort of luminous haze which enabled one to see, as well as feel, the personality.

It was certainly very curious, he thought, to be able to do this, and to know what the absolute self was of every person that passed by, especially when, after one got used to it, one could see that the personalities were not made up of anything that looked like flesh or spirit, but seemed composed of colours and lines.

True, some appeared to have scarcely any colour at all, and nearly all of them had a lot of vertical little lines that were all shaky and didn't go very far, as if they had been left half drawn.

And the young man knew that the colour was character and the lines the marks of Deeds.

Here and there in a personality that floated through the haze a colour stood out vividly, sometimes more than one, and sometimes colours went one into the other like the rainbow, and were just as beautiful.

Sometimes, too, he caught sight of firm, straight lines, upright and definite, among those people were fighting with deeds, a character that had come down to them tainted.

And, once, in the atmosphere of a man that frowned, he saw a strong black line running right through it, and he knew him for a man of purpose.

* * * * * *

The young man changed his weight from one foot to the other.

It was all so interesting that he forgot he was standing there not knowing where to go or what to do, though all the time he had not forgotten, because right back at the back of his brain the remembrance of it lived, but it was so far away that it didn't seem to matter.

It was funny to have these slow, revolving thoughts when at one time his mind had been swift and darting and could pierce right into the meaning of things, like a shaft of the sun through gloom.

But now meanings had changed into colours and lines, and it seemed rather cruel to be able to see just what people were and yet be unable to feel that it mattered.

But of himself he knew that he had no colour or lines, but was only a grey void—the grey of death and desolation.

He changed his weight again, and then, feeling somewhat dizzy, walked shakily to a lamp-post near by, and leaned against it while he watched.

* * * *

After all, he reflected, it was worth while being able to see what people really were when they were like the man and woman who had just gone by.

They were poorly dressed, and the hands of their bodies were rough with toil; but the self of each shone with a clear and steady light, and the light was a little golden lamp, and the lamp was shaped like a heart.

"It's wonderful," he thought. "That lamp is love."

A man slouched by—he was smeared with the blue of brutality, and his lines were knotted.

Another loomed up—green and yellow with spite and envy.

Yet another, striding briskly by—a City man, burly and well clad; his lines were short and decisive, and his colour was blue, the steel blue of coldness; but about his heart was the tender pink of a rose, and the watcher guessed it to be his love for his child.

A woman with faint tremulous lines, vaguely wreathed in yellow—querulous and cowardly; a man all smudged—coarsened with drink; a child with one contorted line—the inherited twist of crime, poor little beggar!

A woman—red, red, the flame-red of passion which had shrivelled up the lines of her character.

The watcher closed his eyes. Was humanity all foul?

He opened them again for one more look.

The haze had gone.

He stared about, dumb wonder in his eyes; then something arrested their wandering.

He saw a girl, and for an instant the haze returned. She was clear as crystal, crystal clear with innocence. He saw also her face, and there was sympathy on it. Dew was in her eyes, and she was smiling with sweet sadness.

And he found in her Pity.

He put out his hands and stumbled to meet her. . . .

It was the girl that saved him from a heavy fall. She caught him, and, seeing that he had fainted, lowered him gently to the ground.

She was quite an ordinary girl, but she had happened to notice the white misery of his face and had paused to watch.

She remained by him while somebody fetched some water. A crowd gathered. A policeman came.

The girl raised the young man's head, and, resting it against her knee, sprinkled his face.

"Looks as though he could do with a feed," said the policeman practically. "I expect he's one o' them out-o'-works. All right, miss. He's comin' round. You leave him to me. I'll see as he gets something to buck him up."

HIGGS HUNTS.

A SPORTING INTERLUDE.

Higgs is a born Cockney. He is something in the City—expressive term, but vague.

Higgs—it may as well be mentioned here—is looked upon as a fairly level-headed chap by those who come in contact with him in matters of business. That is all that can be said for him.

But once a year Higgs undergoes a transformation. He doffs the topper, the frock-coat, and buttonhole sacred to the City man.

He sallies forth in all the glories of riding get-up. Higgs goes hunting!

Yes! Higgs, whose knowledge of horses is below par, whose seat is the awkwardest and unsafest that ever a man had—Higgs, whose mount is a holy terror in the hunting-field, for, poor-spirited as it is, it is above Higgs.

He wears spurs, but daren't for his life put them to their proper use. He scores his fellow-rider's legs, however.

Though he carries a crop, he hasn't yet mastered the intricacies of unfastening gates with it.

Pluck? Well, he's got some, or he would not dare face our M.F.H. after cutting up the hounds like he does. Any other chap but Higgs would be scorched to a cinder after the process.

Higgs isn't. He jogs on again, explaining volubly that it's his gee—so fresh!

"Keep that incapable idiot back!" roars the Master. Then riding up to Higgs he says with his most cutting sneer, "Sir, your proper mount is a hobby-horse—stick to it."

"I doubt if he could do even that," observes a wag.

Certainly Higgs is a guy on horseback. There is a good deal of daylight between Higgs and his saddle. He is one of those people who talk about riding by balance—it must be another name for luck!

Higgs hires his gees. He has a fresh one every time, but they are all too much for Higgs.

They take him into ditches, where he makes close acquaintance with nettles. They leave him in ponds, out of which he emerges covered with a green slime.

He calls that "a hard day to hounds."

He never by any chance comes within a couple of fields of the hounds; in fact, he never sees them except at the meet, and then I should think the M.F.H. makes him see double the pack.

He talks about the "dappled darlings"; but I've known him run for all he was worth when one of these dappled darlings met him walking in a country lane and just looked at him foolishly, as is the way of a foxhound out of employment.

The last time I saw Higgs he was radiant in pink, and he was offering to pilot a fair Diana across country.

He was also riding a cocktail a cut above his usual mount, and, wonderful to relate, he was able to avoid the dogs.

He smiled when he saw me—it was the old fatuous smile.

"Yes, it is still Higgs," I replied to an inquirer.

"How the deuce did he get in?" he asked, referring to the Hunt buttons in which Higgs shone resplendent.

"That gentleman in black may know—I don't."

Higgs's horse knew more about hunting than Higgs. He intended to follow the hounds, anyhow.

Higgs was soon in a pretty plight. He had forgotten all about riding by balance and was clinging round his horse's neck. Surely never was member of a Hunt in so humiliating a position. He had lost his hat, his temper, and his whip; his stirrups were flying loose and maddening his gee.

Higgs's horse got rid of him at the next fence.

He looked a sorry spectacle, did Higgs. I fancy he was glad to get back to the safe obscurity of the City.

This year he won't go hunting. He hasn't paid his subscription, I know. I won't swear to it, but passing a second-hand clothes shop in the precincts of the City, I saw a pink coat that reminded me of Higgs.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

OUR READERS' SPECIAL PAGE

"I'D LIKE TO BE YOU."

We should most of us like to be someone else. The perfectly contented man is a creature I have yet to meet, but there is a comfort in the frank admission of the fact that some of us are apt to miss.

We try to persuade ourselves, or, at least other people, into thinking that we are quite satisfied with our own position and do not envy theirs, with the usual result that we come to hate them.

If you frankly admit to a man that you would like to change places with him, you will not only gratify him, but you will be in the right way to be convinced that you are really better off as you are, for he will forthwith begin to explain to you what a rotten life his is and how he envies you—which, again, is gratifying to you.

If each party went on envying the other in secret, the result would probably be a weakening of the friendship, for envy and hatred are two emotions that only too often go together.

HINTS ON CHOOSING A PUPPY.

It is best to get one as young as possible. The earlier you start to train a dog in the way he should go, the better. From six to eight weeks old is about the right age.

It is best to go to a fancier with a reputation to lose.

Pedigrees can be authenticated at the Kennel Club for, I believe, a small fee.

If a large breed is your fancy go for the puppy with the biggest head and the heaviest bone. This applies to St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, and similar breeds. If a fox-terrier is your choice pick out the pup with the longest head; if a bulldog, choose the one with the shortest face.

But if you are quite a novice at the game get a friend to do the purchasing for you.

The first night is generally a bit of a trial both to the pup and his new owner, but he will soon get to feel at home, particularly if he is well fed and is given a warm bed.

JOBS FOR THE HANDY MAN.

The woodwork of a house often gets knocked about by careless folk accidentally, and sometimes gets kicked by intention.

And the landlord is not given to noticing these little eyesores, or if he does he doesn't intend to have anything done.

But the handy man can obliterate all these with patience, a little bath-brick finely powdered, water, and the crown out of his old felt hat; and he will be surprised to find, after some expenditure of elbow-grease, that the marks have disappeared.

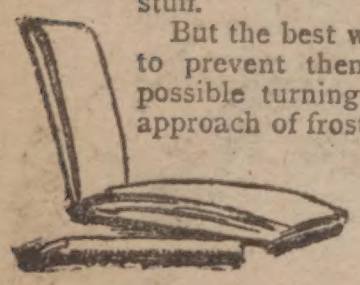
If the doors happen to be painted in light tints, and it is not convenient to go to the expense of repainting just now, although they look dirty, clean well with some fullers' earth, and then put on a coat of varnish.

In frosty weather one or other pipe is almost sure to burst, and small leaks occur at other times.

The handy man can cure these himself—even if the big burst has to await the tardy arrival of the despotic plumber—by the application of a little putty; or, failing this, a paste of flour and gum will do.

India-rubber will also stop a leak, but of course the best stopping is white lead spread on a bit of stuff.

But the best way of dealing with burst pipes is to prevent them, by swathing the pipes and if possible turning off the water at the main on the approach of frosty nights.



A MAN'S LETTERS.

All of us have, stored away somewhere, special letters we have from time to time received, and nothing so vividly recalls one's past joys and sorrows as the occasional perusal of these private little bundles.

Here, side by side, lie the epistles of chums present and past—full of breezy information, many perhaps bearing foreign postmarks, together, maybe, with the congratulations of friends on some now forgotten achievement.

Here also are fatherly letters, more full of parental advice and admonition, perhaps, than any expression of tenderness or affection, but amply compensated for by the motherly ones which breathe out only love and confidence, while the sisterly scribbles remind us of the happy days gone by, when we romped and fought together in light-hearted glee.

Ever present in every man's collection is to be found the black-edged ominous intimation telling of some chum's departure to the great beyond, or perhaps offering sympathy to our own aching hearts.

And our fresh grief at again perusing them is only assuaged by that little bundle of closely-written screeds which, carefully tied as they are with fancy-coloured ribbon, and thumb-marked through constant reading, obviously, like the old sundial, "number none but sunny hours."

THE PACE OF A HORSE.

The man who has to do with horses, whether riding or driving, is often in some doubt as to how much can be expected of them. How far should a horse be made to trot before being allowed to walk?

It is, of course, impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules, for much must depend on the horse and on the country, amongst other things, and if the horse is in draught the pace must be suited to the load.

For a definite rule one would naturally look to the Army, where everything possible is laid down in voluminous rules.

In the Army Service Corps it is the rule that horses with loaded wagons must always move at the walk, while when the wagons are empty or very lightly loaded they may trot a mile and walk a mile alternately.

Of course, it must be remembered that the weight of an Army transport wagon or "G. S. wagon" is practically a ton before anything is put into it, so that the same rule is not applicable to horses working in light carts or in carriages.

In average country, where ups and downs are not too scarce, a very sound rule both for light draught-horses and for saddle-horses, is to make them walk on the faintest sign of a hill, either up or down, and always to trot on the level.

If small hills are frequent, trot uphill, but never trot down. A horse is always liable to stumble when going downhill, apart from the fact that if the horse is in draught he has the weight of the vehicle behind him, and it is liable to get out of control.

The best guide, however, with a willing horse is his own inclination. If he is habitually lazy, of course, you must get more out of him than he will offer you, but a good horse will trot up a hill as far as he feels inclined, and he will show a tendency to break into a walk when he begins to get tired.

SOMETHING YOU CAN WRITE.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Don't send a letter to the Editor with a paragraph. Address it to him direct.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. John T. Hall, 3, Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, for "A Man's Letters."

THE OUTDOOR VERSUS THE INDOOR MAN.

What a difference there is between them! I have two men in my mind's eye at this very moment.

They are brothers, but they are as wide apart as the Poles. One is a nice cheery fellow with a fresh complexion and open frank face, with a firm hand-grip and a hearty manner.

The other has a skin like parchment and eyes that are dull and heavy-looking, and he gives you a limp, damp paw, like a sick fish's tail.

He has got a stoop and his pulse is feeble and his muscles flabby, while the other is always in fighting trim.

The one acts on you like a tonic and the other gives you the sensation of a coming cold in the head.

It is just this difference. One lives in the open air, gets plenty of exercise and has lots of interests that are healthy and manly. And the other spends his time—spare and otherwise—in the house.

He can't help being a clerk and having to get his living bending over a desk, but he can spend his leisure more healthily than poring over a chess board and studying every night.

He may be wiser than his brother, but he is nothing near so wholesome.

THE THRILL OF MILITARY MUSIC.

Why is it that the music of a military band can always send a thrill down one's back and make one pull oneself together?

Those of my fellow-readers who have served, or are serving, their country themselves, will know what a difference it makes to a man on the march whether there is a band at the head of the column or not. It is not only a matter of keeping in step, but it keeps your head up and your chest out, and gives you something of the swagger and the air of having bought the earth, that a smart soldier must have.

In time of peace, however, the streets are apt to be lined with critics rather than enthusiasts, when troops are marching by, and those who have not the spirit to join, pass uncomplimentary remarks on the physique and bearing of those who are doing their best to become efficient soldiers.

But let the troops be off to the front in time of war, or returning home covered—as far as the man in the street knows—with glory; or let them even be marching to new quarters or some garrison duty in a distant part of the Empire, and the touch of sentiment brings the thrill of military music home to every man in the crowd.

The tune need not be a martial one; it may be the most ordinary of popular ditties, but the effect is the same.

SHUTTING OUT DEPRESSION.

There must be many readers who, like myself, are compelled to live in a top-back room, with nothing more inspiring to gaze upon than a row of inartistic chimney-pots.

I should advise them to do as I have done, namely, to buy some transfer paper and paste it upon the window, so that the ugly view is shut out altogether.

Your window when it is finished need not look like a lavatory window if you go to a little trouble in the matter of selecting paper for it. Get a picture with a lake and mountains on it, and cut that in the centre, filling it up with a suitable background, which you buy in pieces, and edge the lot with a strip of bordering.

The cost is not much, and this decoration is much more pleasing to look at than the depressing chimneys of other people's houses.

ANOTHER TALE OF THE "KING'S OWN."

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S GUEST.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The spick-and-span *habitués* of the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth are ever ready to extend their hospitality to the Regular Army—always provided that the aforesaid Regular Army, or the Mr. Thomas Atkins thereof who is on furlough, is of a cheerful disposition, and possesses a head strong enough to stand all the liquid refreshment pressed on him by his comrades in arms.

The Rules, hung up in that most cosy of Territorial club rooms, state, in the soulless tones of officialism, that when Mr. Thomas Atkins appears in the Club he is to be treated in all cases as a man and a brother.

The Rules, of course, put this in another way, but the meaning is clear to all who read, although it is, perhaps, the most unnecessary clause on that type-written sheet which is signed by He-who-must-be-obeyed—the revered Colonel of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry.

Another item on the little-perused document points out that no hideous disturbance should be made by uproarious "singing"—under dire penalty of the confiscation of the piano.

This, no doubt, is the precise reason why, one winter's eve, a roomful of "B" Squadron men, seeing on a wink from Trooper Stephen, the official pianist, yelled out "The Soldiers of the King" with horrible effect as Kernahan entered, still pushing before him a broad but bashful Sergeant of a famous regiment of Lancers.

They let Mr. Leslie Stuart's thrilling refrain go with a stamp and swing worthy of a stage scena of alleged soldiers, so that Kernahan smiled broadly, and the Sergeant of Lancers immediately felt he had tumbled into his own mess.

It is "B" Squadron's fatal way of making all visitors feel quite at home, and ofttimes it leads to sorry heads in the morning, for when the night is cold and the beer is old, well—what need is there to proceed?

They settled this youthful-looking Sergeant in the most comfortable arm-chair in the room. Loving hands swiftly took the very pipe from his mouth and filled it, while the youngest recruit respectfully held a lighted spill for him. Whereupon, at least twenty voices asked him to "have a drink," so that Kernahan, at last, had to bang on the piano lid with Stephen's vocal score of the latest musical comedy, and constitute himself as temporary chairman, calling for "Order!" in a loud and insistent voice.

It was the one chance of saving the tortured brain of the Sergeant of Lancers.

"The Sergeant," said Kernahan, "is entertained entirely by the Club. You chaps can read it on the Rules."

"Rules? What Rules? Hang the Rules!" And so forth from the room generally.

"You can read 'em for yourselves, if some of you gentlemen can manage to translate the big words. They've been hanging up in the corner there for the last six months. You chaps really mustn't treat Club Rules as if they were "Regimental Orders!"

"'Ear, 'Ear," remarked several Troopers. "Bravo! Three cheers for our bloomin' chairman!"

"Thank you, gentlemen. The next question is what will the Sergeant honour the Club by drinking?"

The Sergeant of Lancers sat smoking his pipe, and he cast a reflective glance round the room.

"You're granted the freedom of the Club's canteen, Sergeant," Trooper Stephen observed from the piano-stool.

"As it's with the Club, why not try a magnum of champagne? The last deficit can well afford it," a wag remarked.

"If I have free choice, comrades," said the Sergeant, "I call for a bottle of 'Number Four.'"

"'Number Four'!" Kernahan cried in surprise. "What do *you* know of 'Number Four'? Who told *you* of the King's Ale?"

Amazement showed on the faces of the senior Troopers and non-coms. of Squadron "B."

"As I'm the senior member of the committee present, the Sergeant is my guest," said Trooper Kernahan. "Bring him a bottle of 'Number Four'!"

Now, it happens that a certain Jovial Potentate—who shall be nameless—sent in the long ago, as his gift to the Dinner of "B" Squadron of the Blankshire Yeomanry, a consignment of peerless ale which he himself had "brewed"—this entailed about as much actual work as the laying of a foundation stone—not a thousand miles from Burton-on-Trent. The consignment was so large that even the Annual Dinner thirst of "B" Squadron had been unable to cope with it, and since then, as the Squadron had grown in numbers and importance, that fine old ale had been uncorked only on state occasions. But guests of Squadron "B" are denied nothing.

Yet, it was with a marked expression of awe that the little club steward carried to the Sergeant a very dusty bottle labelled "King's Ale," and bearing the arms of His Majesty.

It was Trooper Stephen, expert in such matters, who drew the cork, while the room watched in a silence fitting the occasion.

Trooper Stephen, tilting the glass artistically, reverently poured the rich, almost mahogany coloured ale into the big glass.

The Sergeant rose and squared his shoulders stiffly, as on parade.

It was Kernahan who clutched Stephen's arm lest the official pianist should give vent to an ejaculation of surprise.

"Wait, you idiot, wait!" Kernahan whispered keenly. "It may be the Ritual."

But the Sergeant of Lancers raised his glass and passed it to and fro slowly and with precision in front of his eyes after the manner of the sword salute and exactly as prescribed in the Ritual, the observance of which is almost masonic.

"To 'B' Squadron of the King's Own!" he said clearly, and drank.

"Good Gad!" said several of the older members. "Where did you learn that?"

"Oh, years ago, comrades," said the Sergeant, "years ago—from a man who joined our regiment. Trooper—er—Jim Smith, he belonged to the 'King's Own' once, quite in the earliest days of its infancy."

"Must have been in one of the other squadrons," said Trooper Kernahan. "Never heard of a Jim Smith in 'B.'"

"Oh"—the Sergeant looked anxiously round the room, smoothed his hand back upon his forehead, and stroked his Indian-sun-tanned face—"well, one forgets after years slip by. Perhaps you've forgotten, too. When I was watching you drilling in the hall—uncommonly smart it was—I wondered which of you boys Jim Smith used to mix with. But it's years ago, and those that were youngsters then have grown up, left the regiment, got married, or such like things, I daresay. Anyway it was 'B' Squadron Jim belonged to."

"Of course!" Trooper Stephen interposed. "Otherwise, how should he know the Ritual? Kerny, you're a hoodooed militiaman!"

"'Kerny'—'Kerny'?"—the Sergeant was searching his brain, vaguely. "Which of you is 'Kerny'? There was a similar name; I—I have heard Smith mention it."

"Never mind," said Kernahan, swiftly, tipping an expressive wink round the room. "Go on, Sergeant. But there was never a Jim Smith in Squadron 'B' to my knowledge, nor Kerny's either, I'm sure, because we joined the Squadron together."

Kernahan's reproving glance effectually strangled all audible titters at birth. To the audience the situation was becoming interesting.

"What sort of opinion had this Trooper Smith of Kernahan?" asked Trooper Stephen, with fiendish delight.

"Kernahan? That's it! Oh—said he was no end of a young rip. Not more than a mere boy at the time, but he had the confidence of a Brigadier-General and a War Office clerk rolled into one," the Sergeant replied. "Lordy! this place must have improved since Smith's day.

"You hadn't even a decent drill hall then, I understand, nor the sniff of a Turkey-carpeted club room. You infants do yourselves uncommonly well. Smith was the sort of chap who did himself uncommonly well. This sort of thing would have suited him to the letter without the slightest doubt."

"This Smith is an unknown quantity, Sergeant," said Kernahan, "but I'll bet that, whatever his tastes, a King's Own man is always a soldier at heart; and, forgive me for saying so, a good 'un at that. We don't encourage slackers in this regiment; but once your work is done, you're welcome to all the soft lounges in Tottenham Court Road, providin' you don't cut up the mantelpiece with your spurs—like our Sergeant Hall over there."

"Yes. This was Smith's squadron right enough!" said the Sergeant with intense conviction. "He used to talk to me about a Corporal Hall—and a Trooper Stevenson."

"Stephen?" Kernahan suggested

"That's got it again!" exclaimed the Sergeant, delightedly. "Now, one minute, just to make sure of my audience. Listen to this feeble attempt at whistling a tune."

The Sergeant leaned back, and, looking at the ceiling, he whistled a few bars of a well-known refrain.

Trooper Stephen pulled him up.

"Let me finish it for you, Sergeant," he said, and, turning to the piano, he lightly tinkled the refrain of the "Yeomanry Song," which is "B" Squadron's Anthem—now and always.

As he played, a slight sadness came into the grey eyes of the Sergeant of Lancers.

"And poor little Smith gave up all this!" he exclaimed, just in the tone a man talks to himself. "This, his little heritage . . . a sort of home. Poor little beggar. Ah, well!"

The Sergeant sighed to the depth of his massive chest, while the company kept a respectful silence.

"I can quite understand," said the Sergeant, reflectively, "that when a man is tryin' to lose his individuality names weren't of much account to him, and, well, Smith is a good wholesome name until you start hyphening something to it.

"Now, I was not officially connected with our riding-school in barracks at home, but, as a man who had the welfare of the dear old regiment very much at heart, I frequently used to take my old pipe down to the school and watch how the young stuff shaped over the jumps, and it was always a matter of ease to pick out the plucked 'uns from the faint-hearted brigade.

"Incidentally, it was useful to me professionally. A sergeant can trust a man who goes over jumps with his hands behind him laughing.

"I remember this Trooper Smith going through

his little ordeal. He came off—as all of us do at first—once or twice, but you could see after a time that he knew the way to fall, because he would pick himself up when you expected him to lie still, knocked-out, and before you could say a word he had caught his mount and was on his back again. Nor would the little devil as much as look like giving up until he had mastered the art!

"The Sergeant-Instructor confessed to me he felt quite hurt, for it took the regimental buck-jumper over ten minutes to chuck him off, and the brute got quite in a lather over it.

"'Look here, Smith,' said the Instructor, at last, 'there's nothin' I can teach *you*, so I wish you a very good afternoon—with my compliments and thanks.'

"This was uncommon polite for the Sergeant-Instructor.

"Well, boys, that was my first acquaintance with Smith. My second contact with him was vastly different. It was in what the authorities were pleased to call the reading room. I was reading out to a couple of fellow non-coms. the account of a review at Sandringham, and Smith, near by, was pretendin' to clean out his pipe.

"It was a beautiful piece of flowery out of the 'Daily Mail.' I got to the part where it went on sublimely about 'the blue and yellow of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry galloping past the saluting base, their swords at the carry, flashing in the sun,' when Trooper Smith let his pipe drop on to the table and clutched my arm.

"'Don't, Sergeant!' he says, just like an emotional heroine in a Lyceum drama.

"As a Sergeant, of course, I paid not the slightest attention to him, and went on with the little artistic bits of journalese about the yellow and blue, and all that.

"Smith listened for a little while. Then he got up all of a sudden and strode out, his face a ghastly white, and his lip quivering.

"I followed almost on his heels, because bad temper isn't a thing encouraged in our regiment, and I thought it as well to sink into the mind of an otherwise promisin' boy the fact that sergeants are tin gods of sorts, and on no account to be interrupted at any time.

"So I stalked out after the young gentleman into the cold darkness of the barrack-yard. I had barely turned the corner wall of that particular block of buildings when I heard a man sobbin' against a brick buttress as if his very soul was bein' torn out of him.

"'I might ha' been there,' he kept half-sayin', half-cryin' to himself. 'Be gosh, what can they be thinkin' of *me*—Kernahan, Hall, Stephen and all the boys!'

"'Might have been where?' I asked, comin' on him suddenly.

"'With the King's Own,' Smith said, miserably. Then he pulled himself up. 'I'm talkin' rot, Sergeant,' he said. 'Leave me alone; this is a bit of ——'

"'Home sickness,' I said. 'I've seen a lot of it in my time, comin' more especially from chaps who can't stand the Riding Instructor's little bits of humorous banter. *You're* all right.'

"'Yes, I'm all right,' he said. 'Only just leave me to my wretched self for a moment. There's some things which a man likes to say to himself—and alone.'

"I shunted, knowin' full well that a man don't always join the Army for the pure love o' fightin'. Sometimes they enter the service with somethin' of the same idea as a hermit goes into the desert—to obtain oblivion and lose their identity. So His Majesty's Government supplies 'em with a regimental number and don't ask too many questions. Therefore, far be it from a sergeant to interfere with what even the Government leaves alone.

"In off times I used to chat to this young Smith seriously and like a father. In the Army there's just a chance that you can trust your friends. The boy trusted me. It seemed from his conversation that he'd been somethin' of account in the County of Blankshire.

"By the way he talked it was pretty evident that he'd been clean ruined all through a deceased relation leaving him some money to come in a little lump on his twenty-first birthday. He'd had a go at the Wrecking Three—women, wine, and racing—with the usual result. Then—"

Kernahan jumped up suddenly.

"Leave that out, Sergeant!" he cried earnestly.

"I was going to observe," the Sergeant went on, "that he made the common mistake of reproved youth. Told his best friends to go to Hades, and finished up by finding himself at those gates himself. I believe a little something went wrong with Trooper Smith—a little something which it will do no one any good to mention, and which was not so big as the poor chap thought, but every day the sin grew bigger in his mind, every day he was tortured in the hell he had sent himself to.

"He used to come to me sometimes—I grew to like that reckless boy—and tell me he couldn't drown it in drink or forget it in his sleep. It was always *there* that he was a byeword in his old regiment—that the man who had helped him to get clear of his native town, had done it out of pity for a rank stumer.

"'And I'd have simply loved to be like old Kernahan,' he used to mumble miserably, 'a good sportsman, a decent chap, and an honourable man.'

"It appeared that he used to go out riding with this young Kernahan, who had taught him how to use his hands, his knees, and his judgment on a horse to such perfection that there were few to lick him even in our lot, and there were no donkey-riders either. It was a pity a promisin' boy—"

"Precisely, Sergeant," said Kernahan, gloomily, "but go on about this—Smith, and don't indulge in useless moralising."

"Well, it was not until all the dirty work had been done in South Africa that our crack little lot was asked to go out and share all the honours of war without its consequences and penalties. Smith was overjoyed.

"All the way over on the troopship he was the most cheerful spirit on board, and fairly itched to be seein' what he hoped would be a few gory battles.

"Out on the veldt little came our way but promiscuous skirmishes, and by main force I saved Smith's life three times at the very least by pullin' him into cover."

"That's all right, Sergeant,' said Smith on the third occasion. 'P'raps the fourth time will be lucky.'

"Yet I believe that all would have gone well had it not been for the news that came up country that the Eastern Counties Yeomanry were coming up in support.

"'By Jove!' said Trooper Smith. 'It's even bettin' the K.O. will have sent a contingent, and—have you thought of it, Sergeant?—they might spot *me!*'

"We in the regiment tried all ways to get him shipped off to England on the mental derangement line, but it was no use. He used to smile at the doctors and challenge them to prove him anything but fit and well. There was no gettin' over the fact that he was sane.

"Well, to cut a long story short, it came to him at Zoutpansberg—clean through the lungs, with no chance left.

"I crawled over to the open to give him a drink. He was sobbin' a little, and he clutched at the water bottle.

"'Sergeant,' he gasped, 'if ever you fetch up at Brermouth, go to the headquarters of the Yeomanry, call for a bottle of "Number Four" when they ask you to drink, and drink it like this.'

"He sprang up all of a sudden, passed the glass in front of his eyes as I did just now, drank to 'B' Squadron of the King's Own, and fell down prone.

"'Tell 'em,' were his last words, 'tell Kernahan in particular, that I paid in full!'"

The Sergeant finished the King's ale in his glass.

"Those were the last words of the man whose name was really——"

"*Smith!*" said Trooper Kernahan, firmly. "He paid for that name—in full."

THE COAST.

AN IMPRESSION.

They have a number of nicknames for "The Coast"—unlovely appellations which are far from libellous, in point of fact.

It is merely an insignificant-looking little spot on the Western line of Africa, and on the map which clearly marks the British Possessions and Protectorates you may notice it is coloured red. This is merely to signify it is ours, but that shade is nevertheless appropriate—gruesome, but fitting.

The sea asks of toll for our Admiralty. We have paid and are paying. The God of War has taken our bravest men in return for those little patches of red we may paint over the rest of the world. We have made the sacrifice. Our Colonies have demanded the strongest men to make them what they are to-day. We have seen them out.

But the Coast asks for the very best and fittest of our good men, and the Coast, if it does not swallow them up for ever, sends them back to the Motherland wrecks—utter and complete wrecks—risen just alive from the White Man's grave.

I have known them—these men who come back. They have money, plenty of money for men of what would be their class in England. You see, the Coast grants them various long holidays.

In the swamps they are guaranteed six months at home after working a year. Down beyond Lagos way a man goes out for two years, and is promised the third year for a long complete holiday. Very often the holiday is long enough—too long to reckon, for finite minds simply cannot grasp the real meaning of Eternity.

When the third year comes, those who have not been granted the Eternal Holiday take the steamer for home. They disembark from that steamer firm friends with the doctor on board. They have played écarte, piquet, or poker with him during the intervals of their exceeding sickness.

They sniff the first comparatively chill air of England, and ere night falls they know that the Coast is still with them. The page-boy at the first hotel they stop at is requisitioned to knock up a chemist and demand a goodly supply of quinine.

Doctors call that which burns in their blood malaria. It is only the Coast, which cunningly reminds them that they are bound to it—slaves, body and soul, just when it wants them, night or day.

Aforetime, perhaps, they knew you and called you friend. They do not show any such feeling now. Somehow you perceive it instinctively. They distrust you. It is the taint of the Coast.

You see, they belong to the Coast, and you have no manner of right to them really.

Their enthusiasm, if they have any to show, is mostly assumed. It is not real unless you see it in their unhealthy yellow-specked eyes when they are talking quite disgustedly about the Coast and the natives they have had to keep under by what we should term cruelty. They will tell you this is *not* cruelty. These lower races understand no other rule. Only the flail is a convincing argument. They have not hesitated to use it.

You listen to it all. You see clearly it is true enough what they say.

Yet, somehow, you do not want to shake hands with them. . . . You do not care to come into contact with them, or to have your skin touch theirs!

It is merely the Coast, which, silently, unobtrusively but undeniably, is telling you to keep off and seek not to touch its very own property.

As their holiday grows shorter, they curse the Coast more bitterly every day. They will find something to do in their own land, they say, something by which they may earn their bread, amid surroundings which, if chilly, are to a measure congenial.

Then one morning you may meet them wearing a smile. . . . The next, you hear they have disappeared again. They have gone back to the Master Spider who knows his web—with threads over all the world—back to the Coast!

A. B. BLACKFORD.

K.O

With a Greyhound Trainer

AN ACCOUNT OF A SPORTING WEEK-END.

When I reached the kennels, soon after noon, I found that the hounds, under the charge of my friend Jones, had returned from exercise and had been "done" and fed.

As the hounds return from exercise, each in turn is hanged over the legs to get off what mud they have picked up, and then they have a massage with the glove brushes over all the body, during which operation they are fed.

Then we strolled round the kennels, where Jones pointed out to me the hounds which are to run on the following day at the meeting at Foxlane, some fifteen miles away.

Coming on from here, we came to the Hospital, where the patient was old "Jack." Poor old chap, he met with an accident when running at a meeting he made a mistake in his game, on plough, and, instead of jumping it, he got a mouthful of clay and did a somersault; consequently he is in a bad way with a broken neck, which is bandaged up.

THE COURSER'S ENEMY.

The next we see is Nelly. She is suffering from the courser's enemy—barbed wire. You see an ugly tear on her flank, where the skin has been torn from her body for at least five inches longitudinally. There she lies whilst it is healing, as good and quiet as a human being, knowing all that can be done is being done for her.

The last we come to is Jim, a grand second-string, but unlucky. His foot has a bandage on, and Jones tells me sadly that Jim has run his heats, but that he would have made them all win the Cup this season, bar the bad luck he had in having to break two of his toe-nails off.

After this inspection of the invalids, Jones takes me to the kennel kitchen, where I see steam rising from a large copper, and on a stone slab I see a neck of mutton cooling down. This is cut into small pieces, all bits of fat being removed, and from a bucket a lad brings forth what appears to me to be a bran mash, but on tasting I find it is oatmeal biscuits and brown bread soaked in the gravy in which the meat has been boiled. A certain amount of this is mixed with a portion of meat, and off it goes to the feeding-troughs which are going to run to-morrow, the others being fed between 5.30 and six o'clock.

THE PROGRAMME.

Tea is over, and Jones tells me over a cup of tea what he hopes to do the next day.

At about 6.30 Jones goes round once more, and sees that all have been fed, rugged up, and well provided with water, and then his work is finished, and we have a pipe and retire to bed, as we have to rise early to-morrow.

At about 6.30 a.m. I am roused by Jones knocking and asking me if I am going coursing, or is he to see the results.

Out of bed I jump and have a cold sponge down. I am soon dressed and downstairs, to find in the kitchen with a bowl of beef tea in front of him and beating up some new laid eggs which is a breakfast for the dogs which are going coursing, and is taken out to them whilst we have some breakfast ourselves, and after the meal Jones gets his satchel containing bandages, various embrocations, a sponge, gloves, a small bottle of whisky, a bottle of cold tea, and the collars, red and white.

On arriving at the yard we find two lads with the three hounds, which are to run, rugged up and excited. They have been well "done," and Jones, after inspection, gives the order for the station and away. As we walk we feel the crisp morning air doing us good, and the dogs seem to feel it too.

A PRELIMINARY RUN.

On arrival at Foxlane, Jones takes the hounds into a small paddock near the station, and, one at a time, lets them have a few minutes run loose. Then we make for the hotel, which is the head-quarters, and find a nice loose box with plenty of straw, where the hounds lie down until we are ready to start coursing.

The judge and slipper having arrived, the hounds are got out and a move made to the fields where the coursing is to take place.

In the first stake, a club event, Jones has entered "Mary." She is a brindled bitch and looks very fit. The first course is over, and it is Mary's turn. Jones takes her down to the slipper and is so careful that although she is in the slips he will not remove her coat, in case she should catch a chill. At last both hounds are ready, the signal given to the beaters, and we wait anxiously for "pussy" to appear.

"See-ho!" is shouted, and a hare breaks through the hedge on the right of the slipper. Mary is on the red collar, left-hand side. Bad luck! She is breaking away to the right. Now she is straight, and the hounds are slipped.

THE DEFEAT OF MARY.

Mary is handicapped a little, and the fawn dog leads. They make "pussy" twist from right to left, and left to right again. Mary makes a dash to kill, but misses, and runs wide. That has cost you the course, old girl, for the fawn makes two points and kills.

Jones runs up and puts the lead and collar on, and back we go to the wagon where the other hounds are.

Having recovered her wind by now, Mary is given a drink of cold tea, a doing with embrocation, and then a feed, as she is not wanted to run again, and into the wagon to rest.

The races that follow are much the same, so far as any description is concerned, though each has a special interest of its own.

In most we are unlucky, but in the last we carry off the prize, and feel that our day's labours have been repaid.

With a nice hare in the rack above us, we return by train to Jones's place, to talk far into the night about the dogs, and the chances they took and lost—and to think of Sunday's dinner.

G. BASTIN.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

THE MODERN MAN League has now become more than an experiment; it is an established fact.

Letters reach us daily from readers who have personally proved the advantages of membership. Those who have hitherto lived in lonely isolation have, on joining the League, immediately become acquainted with kindred spirits. Those whose business has taken them to unknown parts of the country have found a hearty and ready welcome amongst their fellow-members. It is our intention to print another selection of such letters very soon.

We would urge all our readers to become members without delay; there is nothing to lose and much to gain.

As we are securing new readers every week, we may as well give in brief the objects of the League. Our main purpose is the promotion of good fellowship and good sportsmanship throughout the whole country. It is an understood thing that those wearing League badges may speak to one another without the formality of an introduction, and in this way many lasting friendships are being built up. In business, membership of the League is a valuable asset, for it is agreed by all members to do a good turn to a fellow-member when it is not necessary to sacrifice their own interests in doing so.

There is one point about which we should like there to be no misunderstanding. It is the question of eligibility for membership.

We have received several letters from readers who say that they consider themselves unworthy to join the League because they do not happen to be active participants in any form of sport. In each case we have written to them, pointing out that to be an active sportsman is not a necessary preliminary to joining the League. The men we want as members are those who are sportsmen at heart, whether they take an active interest in athletics or not.

If you are one of the right sort, and are prepared to do what you can to further the objects of the League, which we have here enumerated, we shall offer you a hearty welcome to its membership, though you have never played an active game in your life.

At the special request of many readers, we have arranged to have badges of the three qualities—gold-plated, solid silver, and solid gold—fitted as safety-pins. There are many who prefer this form of tie-pin, and for hunting stocks they are particularly useful. There will be no extra charge for badges fitted in this way.

We give below a list of the various badges supplied. There is no charge whatsoever for postage.

Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.
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We must ask in future that all applications for badges shall be made upon the form which we give, as this method greatly facilitates dealing with the applications. We have therefore increased the size of the coupon this week so as to give you more space for filling it in.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual size).

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXXIX.

THE SMOKING CONCERT.

The "smoker" is no longer the exclusive domain of man. Am I hopelessly old-fashioned to hold that this is something of a pity, that for once in a way, women are out of place?

Of course, there are many who will dispute this, and maintain that tobacco is all the sweeter, whisky-and-soda all the more exhilarating, when consumed in their presence.

On the other hand, does not woman unnecessarily descend from her pedestal when she invades—if I dare use the term—the smoking concert? Isn't it rather a pity that she should go home reeking of tobacco and whisky fumes? Do you really like to see a lady smoking cigarettes and drinking spirits as you may see some women at *some* smokers?

And, be frank now, isn't the "cock and hen" smoker rather a dismal affair? There is, at least to my mind, an air of forced hilarity and joviality about it. The mirth does not ring true. The women may be at their ease; the men, as a rule, are not.

UNDER SUPERVISION.

The married ones are conscious that their drinks and cigars are being counted by conjugal eyes; the bachelors—well, they have a better time of it—indeed, the mixed smoker gives them fine opportunities for showing off; but even they are conscious of the feminine "power behind the throne," and the bachelor who in his own estimation has made himself so agreeable and amusing to his friends' wives is apt to find that they have sternly forbidden their husbands to have anything more to do with him, lest he lead them—the husbands—into temptation.

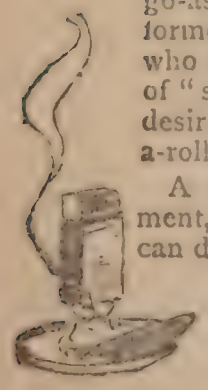
However, this is not a discourse on the obtrusiveness of the modern woman, though she might do worse than remember that one can have too much of a good thing. I merely wish to point out that the "cock and hen" smoker is a poor, hermaphrodite sort of affair: too much freedom about it to make it a social function where you are benefited by feminine refinement; not enough liberty to make it enjoyable as a man's entertainment. Let us pass on from it to the man's smoker, where no ladies are admitted.

TOO FORMAL.

Here, again, there is often too much formality, a set programme, a fixed hour for beginning, and, worse still, a definite hour for ending.

I am not suggesting that a smoker is only enjoyable when you make a hog of yourself, or when all little refinements of life are discarded; but the modern smoker, like the modern music-hall, is often a dull place, where indifferent singers mangle beautiful songs and a certain subtle snobbishness pervades and pollutes the whole atmosphere.

The most enjoyable kind of smoker is of the go-as-you-please, spontaneous kind, where performers and audience are all friends, and the man who can do something does it not for the purpose of "showing off," but simply from a good-natured desire to entertain his comrades and keep the ball a-rolling.



A Savage Club smoker is an ideal entertainment, because no one does anything unless he can do it really well, and no "frills" are allowed.

However, we cannot all be members of the Savage—I am not pretending that I am one myself, though I have sneaked in there occasionally as a guest. Let us take the average chaps' smoker — the impromptu kind, such as may follow football or other athletic club dinner or high tea, may be suddenly organised on a Saturday night in camp, or may grow out of chance foregathering in saloon bar of cosy village inn, where the landlord's main idea is not that you should drink up and drink again or get out.

Smoker songsters number in their ranks many who suffer from the delusion that they can sing. Bartlett is one of those misguided ones. Bit of a prig, Bartlett; bit of an ass, too; but on the whole not a bad chap, if only he would keep his mouth shut.

BARTLETT, BARITONE.

He calls himself a baritone. Other people call him a bally——but no, I will not be hard on Bartlett; he is doing his best, and with that persistence which will make a successful man of him one of these days, he steadily, religiously, relentlessly ploughs his way along, now fences in front of, now streets behind the bewildered pianist, who mops his perspiring brow and thinks longingly of home and mother.

Let's get the taste of Bartlett out of our mouths, and here's the man to do it—little Tommy Waters.

Wonderful chap, Tommy, a born humorist. Would make his fortune on the stage, and perhaps one day he'll chuck the City office and become a popular comedian. But he won't suffer from swelled head if he does. As sound as he is round, is Tommy, and a three-figure weekly salary would still leave him the simple, good-natured, born mirth-maker that he is.

A REAL COMEDIAN.

And so he makes us rock with laughter, and there is no shame in our guffaws. It is all clean fun. Tommy is too fine an artist, too true a gentleman and man, to stoop to "blueness."

There comes an interruption, an unpleasant interruption. Smithson has brought a friend with him. We don't like the look of Smithson's friend, who is fat and oily and unhealthy. But still he is Smithson's "pal," and we applaud vigorously when he volunteers a song and sits down at the piano. I think our faces would be worth photographing as Smithson's friend, with many a leer and grimace and loathsome wink, gurgles forth a ditty which he seems to find amusing, but which we find simply and disgustingly indecent.

Then comes Andrew Macbeth. Andrew is of the Bartlett type, but with this difference—he knows he can't sing for nuts, whereas Bartlett fancies himself as Sir Charles Santley at 7st. 13lb.

But Andrew is a standing dish with us, and with immense solemnity, albeit there is a twinkle in his flinty grey eye, he drones through a pibroch or whatever you call it, all about braw laddies and lassies and MacGillicuddys, and skeand-dhus and haggises and such-like. Good old Andrew, as compensation for our sufferings, we permit to "stand" glasses of his native mountain dew.

Then Tommy Waters makes us laugh again, and then there are "loud cheers" for Mr. Landlord, who has joined us. One of the old type, Mr. Landlord, a countryman and a sportsman.

D'ye ken John Peel? Do we not. So we separate, vociferously assuring each other that we'll "all go a-hunting to-day." Perhaps we will, the morrow's morn, as Andrew says. On Shanks's mare, if need be.

PETER GILCHRIST.

HIS DEAD PAST.

A PROBLEM SKETCH.

A silent grim man was Jim Anson—"a man with a history," I've heard people say.

A common enough story—a worthless woman and a man very much in love.

He married her, and, as I was best man, I know the ins and outs of it.

She was a lovely girl, in a tobacconist's shop where the undergrads used to go and lark, and Jim got caught. I never dreamt she had him so fast until he asked me to be his best man.

"You're ruining your life," I said.

He muttered something about having ruined her, and I laughed.

"A light-o'-love like her," I said. But I went no further; he was in deadly earnest.

I helped at the ceremony, but I'd rather have gone to his funeral.

And before the year was out she went off with another man, a man he'd given a temporary home to for old friendship's sake.

That changed Jim Anson.

He grew saturnine, gave up society, and went abroad for months.

He never mentioned her or him. I always fancied he traced them, but he never spoke of either.

I hoped he'd divorce her and marry again, but he didn't. He'd had enough of women, I suppose, and freedom meant nothing to him.

Five years ago it all happened.

* * * * *

That's his knock!

He comes into my bachelor rooms looking as he used to look before he met her—the woman who changed him from the old Jim Anson I once knew.

"Suppose we go and have a look in at the Sceptre. I hear there's a new dancer on."

I agree.

It is one of the finest variety halls, and the turns are all good ones.

The dancer is remarkable for very little but very skinny arms and very thick legs, but there's a pretty little girl who sings a sentimental song as if she felt it.

"Poor kid!" says Jim.

I dare say she is the mother of a family, but I don't say so aloud.

Jim's heart is all right—if only that never scarred it.

There was a woman in front of us with Jim's wife's yellow hair, but when she turned face the resemblance faded.

We got up and went into the bar for a drink. We found several chaps we knew there, so we stopped.

A fellow singing to a piano was on the stage, and his voice reached us, giving us no desire to hear him nearer.

When we did go back there was only the bioscope left. We sat it out, however. I don't know why.

It was raining heavily as we stood under the portico, waiting for a taxi.

"Beastly wet night!" said Jim.

One or two painted ladies passed us, with attendant cavaliers.

Several, still angling, loitered under shelter, holding up silken skirts and smiling invitation to all and sundry.

"What a sight!" I said to myself.

A faint whiff of a scent that seemed vaguely familiar came toward us, a scent that was not patchouli. There was a rustle of garments quite close to us.

And a hand was laid on Jim's arm, while a voice spoke softly.

"Would either of you gentlemen care to see me home?"

The rain was falling in torrents. The lights flared above us.

Jim turned his head at the same time as I did, and he looked into the eyes of his wife!

His dead past was the living present.

A. M. STEWART.

THE VICTIM

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GEORGE HILLIER.

Russell, striding along at the rapid pace of the City clerk when he is on his way homewards, came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the pavement not a hundred yards from Cannon Street Station.

It had suddenly occurred to him that he had left the safe open in the office.

"Confound!" he muttered.

If he went back he would miss his train, and he was an hour later than usual already, due to having remained after the other clerks had left so as to bring up to date some work that had got behind.

He searched his mind to make sure he was not mistaken, going over the details of his preparation for departure—the shutting-up of his books, the cramming of blotting-pad and papers into a drawer, the hurry to get into his coat and hat after a glance at the clock had shown that he could only just catch his train, the switching off of the electric light over his desk without pausing to glance round to see that things were all right.

Yes; he could distinctly remember the open door of the safe, and was as distinctly sure that he had not closed and locked it.

He muttered another imprecation.

There was no help for it. He must go back. If the governor happened to turn up early in the morning, as sometimes he did, and found that he had been guilty of such an oversight there would be trouble for him, he knew.

Mr. Humphreys was a peppery old beggar. Besides, it had only been lately that Russell had been promoted to such a position of responsibility that he could be entrusted with the key of the safe.

Russell turned about. There was not another train for over half an hour, so he had no need to rush.

He entered the dim hall of the building, and walked up the stone staircase to the first floor, along a dim, silent corridor, for evidently the other people who had businesses on the same floor had closed for the night, and inserted his key in the door marked Humphreys and Co.

He was right. The faint light that came through the window from the street was enough for him to see that the safe door stood wide on its hinges.

He walked over and locked it.

Satisfied, he turned to go.

At that moment that he heard, clearly [illegible] takably, a sneeze.

He jumped. A rifle-shot could not have [illegible] more.

The sound was near, but the cause of it invisible, [illegible]y wandering gaze about him proved.

Russell was an ordinary young man, of ordinary courage, and with ordinary nerve; hence he stood rigid as a statue, thinking.

Was—it—really—right—that he was not alone? Three paces away from him was the switchboard of the electric lights. The fear of darkness battled with the fear of what light would reveal.

His mental struggle lasted but a moment or two, but it left him in a cold sweat. He crossed quickly, almost with a run, and brought light by the pressure of fumbling fingers.

Then he darted a look everywhere.

The office where he stood was empty of other human beings but himself. But the door leading into Mr. Humphreys's room was open.

There was nothing strange about that; it was generally open.

Russell took a deep breath and glanced at the door through which he had entered. That also was open, and through that door was safety—if danger lurked baleful here.

An impulse came to him to get out and go home, telling himself he was an imaginative fool. But a peculiar conviction that he would be a coward in doing so made him resist it. No man cares to own to himself that he is a coward.

So Russell tightened his jaws and strode over into Mr. Humphreys's room.

Again, in the reflected light from the other office, nothing. Nothing—until turning, with a great heave of relief, he faced the dark figure of a man drawn up to his full height behind the door.

And in the out-thrust hand of the man was something which was trained dead true on the centre of his chest.

For Russell there was a vast abysmal silence of horror. He stood transfixed, his gaze riveted on the eye that glittered behind the revolver.

Then there came a low, stern command:

"Sit down on that chair behind you!"

Russell's obedience was instantaneous. He was an automaton with a paralysed soul.

"Throw your bunch of keys on the floor!" The tone was absolutely cool. It was done.

"Inconvenient that you happened to return," commenced the intruder, after he had stepped forward and with extraordinary rapidity picked up the keys. "Just sit there. If I hear you move I shall come back."

He scrutinised Russell deliberately, the wide, staring eyes, the blanched face; then his strong, unscrupulous mouth curled into a grim, contented smile. The shock of terror was not likely to pass away yet.

He moved noiselessly into the outer office, and Russell, his senses, as it seemed, abnormally acute, and yet communicating nothing to his feelings, heard him open the safe, sort among the keys, try one or two, and then open the drawer where the cash was kept.

Again the sorting of keys, a click, and the chink of money. The thief was helping himself; while he, he, the one man who knew anything about it, who felt, somewhere at the back of his consciousness, a raging self-hatred of his abject funk, sat passive and quiet in a chair.

Another second or two and the thief would slip softly through that other open door and go down the stairs and out into the crowded street. And for himself, Russell, there would be nothing but disgrace, even, perhaps, suspicion of the crime. Who would believe him? How was he to prove that he hadn't stolen the money himself?

But, by heaven, he could not endure to be still! If he did, the stigma of the shame would be with him to his dying day.

Russell got to the door—and stared anew into the barrel of the revolver, and watched, fascinated, the hammer slowly rise. The thief was crouching, and now an evil light was in his face, the expression of the animal that will defend what it holds. But the voice was still under control.

"Go back!" it commanded.

The hammer climbed gently higher.

Russell suddenly covered his eyes with a hand, and, stumbling back to the chair, sat down. His chin sank on his chest, and he shook with dry sobs.

It was even as he gave way to this agony of misery and impotence that an idea struck him.

Another door in Mr. Humphreys's room let out on to the corridor, lower down than the door of the outer office, and nearer to the stairs.

Probably it was the one through which the thief had made his entrance. If so, it would surely be unlatched or unlocked. He would not have been fool enough to leave himself with no escape.

One other thought arrested Russell for an instant. Why had not the thief made his escape through that door immediately after his unlucky sneeze? Was it that his nerve had failed him at the crucial moment—that he feared to run the risk of being accosted in the passage?

Something leaped exultant within Russell. It was the knowledge that he was not the only one who was afraid.

He caught a sound which told him the thief had risen to his feet. There was not a fraction of time to be lost. He did likewise, banged the door in front of him, and, running to the other, was in the corridor and along to the top of the stairs before the thief could have recovered from the surprise of his sudden movement.

Taking the stairs three at a time, he almost collided with a man who stood at the bottom, apparently just about to go up.

"*Quick!*" said Russell, seizing his arm. "Quick! A burglar—up there!" He was almost beside himself with excitement, explaining breathlessly, gesticulating, now and then laughing with relief.

"You wait here and watch," he urged. "There's sure to be a policeman outside. Don't let him past. I won't go from the doorway. I'll just yell."

"No." The stranger gripped him in return. The excitement had infected him. "Let's go and nab him ourselves. It'll be no end of a lark. Come on."

Russell endeavoured to pull free.

"But he's got a revolver," he said.

"Rot! What if he has? He won't dare to use it."

There was a curious recklessness in his voice which appealed to Russell's spirit of adventure.

"Gad, I'd like to get my own back off him," he said, with sudden memory of his recent suffering. "I'm with you; I'm not afraid."

"Softly," said the stranger. "As likely as not he'll be skulking in some corner."

"He can't have cut up to the next floor," whispered Russell. "We should have seen him pass the top of the stairs. There's no other way."

"Which office is it?" whispered the other as they reached the dim corridor.

Russell hung back for a moment. It seemed folly to thrust himself into peril again. Events had been happening so quickly that he hardly knew what he was doing. "That," he replied, pointing.

The stranger still had hold of his arm, and now hastened him along. Russell marvelled at his intrepidity.

"There he is!" he said, sharply and loudly. A dark form had appeared momentarily and vanished.

"Shut up, you fool!" said the man beside him, savagely.

"Why? What does it——" All at once Russell wrenched round to get a better look of him. The whole queerness of the man's behaviour went over him like a wave.

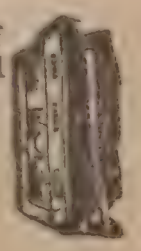
Before he could speak or act a fist was driven hard between his eyes, and, as he staggered, a strong hand clutched his throat.

Russell retaliated, striking wildly at his face, and attempted a cry, which only succeeded in being a gurgle.

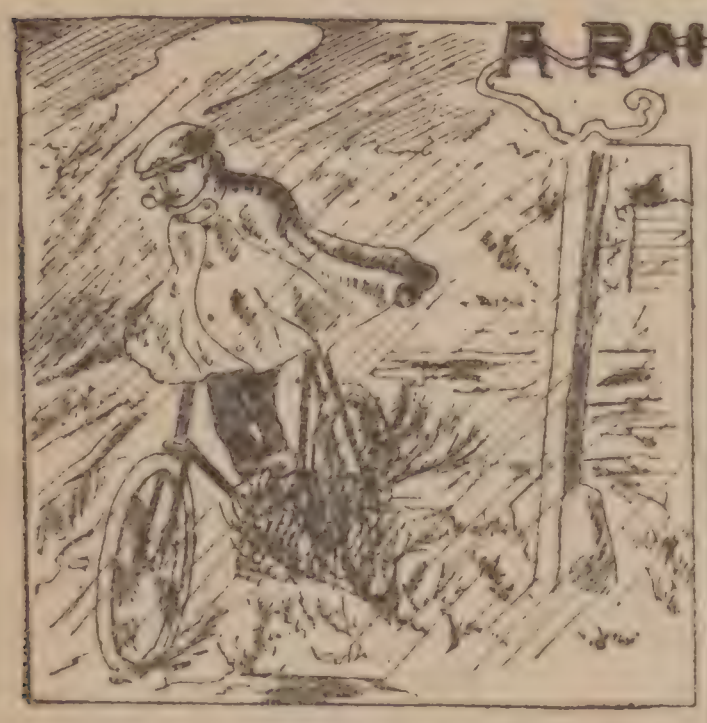
He knew now that he had enlisted the aid of an accomplice, who, with wonderful presence of mind, had seized on the only chance to avoid capture for one or both.

He struggled furiously, but in vain. The grip on his throat tightened. He was on his back now, with the knee of the other on his chest, while, swift along the corridor, came another, who, waiting his opportunity, dealt him a dexterous blow on the temple with a sandbag.

Then the two men carried him into the office of Messrs. Humphreys and Co., and disappeared whence they came.



A RAINY DAY'S CYCLE RUN



WHY NOT TRY THE EXPERIENCE?

To get off for a whole Saturday in my line of business means not only a stroke of luck, but also a bit of doing; but it was recently my good fortune to have a Saturday that I could call my own.

My particular friend has every Saturday free, being one of the lucky, and we arranged in advance that we should cycle together from London to Oxford on the Saturday, stop the night in Oxford, and come back on the Sunday.

I went to bed almost too lively for sleep, for an all-day run on any other day than Sunday was a novelty to me, and I was looking forward to it very much.

By seven o'clock in the morning I was up. By half-past I was dressed and taking my breakfast.

The sky was not very promising, but I trusted to luck that it would keep fair.

It didn't.

Before my breakfast was finished, the rain was coming down steadily, though lightly. It was that quiet sort of rain that means keeping up all day.

LEFT IN THE LURCH.

I put my cycle cape on and went round to my friend's digs. A Saturday run was not such a novelty to him as to me, and he flatly refused to tackle it. He said it would be stupid to go out in weather like this. I tried to persuade him, but it was not to be. He flatly said he would not come.

I went back to my own digs, feeling very resentful against the world at large and the weather especially, and then of a sudden it struck me that there was no sound reason why I should let the rain spoil my holiday, and I made up my mind to go off to Oxford on my ownsome.

There was a tonic in the very thought, a sense of pleasure at having defied fate by taking my outing in spite of the worst it could do.

Up I went to my bedroom and put on a comfortable flannel collar and an old jacket, with a pair of boots and leggings instead of the shoes and stockings I had intended to wear.

PREPARATIONS AND PRECAUTIONS.

I came downstairs to find my bicycle sparked a little with the rain it had got during the run from my friend's digs. A rub with a cloth got the drops off in a moment, and I covered the chain and all other parts that were not likely to come in contact with my clothes with vaseline. My machine does not possess a gear-case, for I do not like them, but when it was well covered with grease I felt that it could withstand anything in the way of weather that I might come across.

I shall never regret having set out on that expedition.

There was not very much wind, but what there was was coming from the East, and therefore helping me on my journey. I had plenty of time to take things easy, and I made up my mind that this was the only way I should enjoy the run.

It was not going to be a record-breaking scorch, or anything approaching it, and therefore there was no need for me to keep myself in trim. I lit my pipe, and cycled along steadily, carefully slowing down whenever I began to heat up, and one heats very soon beneath a cycling poncho.

Just before noon I found myself in Beaconsfield, and pulled up at a fashionable hotel which caters for motorists, but which also has a very decent public bar that suited my purse.

I spent an hour altogether over it, for I had a smoke after I had finished eating, and I listened for a while to the rustic gossip that was going on in the bar. It appeared that some Jewish newspaper proprietor, who had been given a title and who resided in the vicinity, was going to entertain the King on the following day, and the villagers who came to the public bar for refreshment and information were anxiously discussing the possibility of having a look at His Majesty.

Their loyalty was simple and sincere, and there was something fresh about it that was different from the clap-trap politics that one reads in the London halfpenny papers.

A MENTAL TONIC.

During my rest at the Beaconsfield tavern I had a mental as well as a physical refresher, for I was getting the atmosphere of London clean out of my mind.

When I mounted I felt a good deal fresher than I had done in the morning, and I found that I did not need to cycle so fast to keep warm. The rain was still falling pretty heavily, and when I was not careful to keep my cape straight up from the handle-bars, the edge of it in front would shorten, and throw water-drops on my knees.

The road, too, required attention. There were slight hills, tempting for coasting, and dangerous if you tried to coast them. I found that it was best to rely but little upon free-wheeling, for steady pedalling seemed to help me to defy side-slip.

When I started in the morning I was clad roughly, if you like, but trimly. Now my clothes were a sight to scare horses.

My cap was dripping, and the water from it was trickling down the back of my neck, and I was glad that I had put on a soft collar and flannel shirt. My boots and leggings were splashed all over with mud, and my cape was so wet that it shone like oilskin; but appearances did not matter, for I was perfectly dry.

CLEAR ROADS.

I found the roads beautifully clear of traffic. The luxurious motorist seemed to think that this was not the weather for him, and I could number on the fingers of my two hands the motors that I met or that passed me. There were very few other cyclists, and I did not find anyone scorching past me to remind me of the fact that I was dawdling.

I pulled up for tea at a small inn, which stood all by itself, and the landlady informed me that I could have a plain tea for 9d., or a high tea for 1s. The high tea was what I had, and capital value it was.

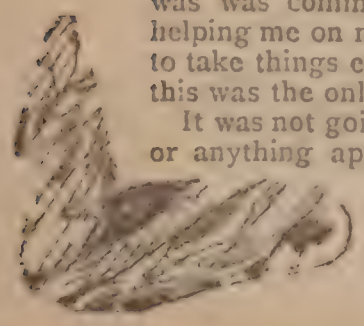
Once more refreshed, I set out on the last five miles to Oxford, and arrived there only an hour after lighting-up time.

I was lucky in the place that I chose to put up at, for I managed to find a sink with running water, and it was wonderful how you can clean yourself up when you have that and a bit of rag to assist you. Soon the mud was off my boots and leggings, and the bulk of the water had been wrung out of my cap.

When I had finished cleaning up, I found that the rain had gone off, and a walk round the town and a visit to the local theatre set a finish to a happy day.

The run back on Sunday is not worth chronicling, because the roads were in fine condition after the rain and the run was just an ordinary one, but, though I did a bit of pace-making on the home journey, I think that the Saturday run through the rain was the better of the two. Anyhow, it gave me a kind of sporting landmark to look back upon.

J. C. ROWNTREE.



GROWTH.

A REFLECTION.

We all want to grow, either bodily or mental. I remember when I was a boy I thought there was nothing that would give me greater happiness than to be tall and commanding. I associated size with power, with dignity, with the ability to lead.

All my admiration was expended on those with fine, athletic physique. Boy-like, I despised all those who did not come up to the standard my mind had set up. I lived on the conviction one had to be big to be manly.

I haven't changed my opinion on the matter a scrap. I have grown into a man rather less than the average height, and considerably less than average strength.

What do I care? I have transferred my homage from the body to the mind, that is all. I still believe one has to be big to be manly, and admire the splendour of physical development unabatedly, but I have found that a tremendous lot of bigness can be compressed into a small space.

Of course, everybody knows that the size of a man's worth doesn't always fit the size of his body, and it is just as true to say that many a man's job is the wrong size for his capacity.

There are jobs held by men who are too small for them, and lots of jobs are given to men who are several sizes too small to fill them. In the latter it is a curious fact that the lucky man immediately begins to grow too big for his job.

Now, whenever a fellow feels that he has outgrown his job that is the time to quit it. You couldn't stop a boy from growing by making him carry a ton weight on his mortar-board; it would merely make him grow the wrong way. And you can't have your own growth impeded without losing shape yourself.

There are a whole heap of men who have got a hump because they didn't shove up the lid and push back the lid that life was trying to put down on their craniums.

I have heard it said that when growth has ceased, that is the time for the race to make a start. Well, there's sense in it. I don't see youngsters too clever myself. I prefer the chap who got top of the class at dutiful, industrious methods.

But it isn't altogether correct to say that mental development becomes accelerated when the age of manhood begins.

Between boyhood and manhood there is a period when, if growth is taking place, it is invisible, just like roots widening and spreading beneath the surface of the earth; a painful period it is, too.

It is painful for the subject, and painful for people about him. The individual who is half-boy and half-man, whose character is not yet matured, is in that state when he is bursting to assert himself and yet can't find a way to do it.

Ideas seethe in his head, cloudy, inchoate, but wonderfully new and tremendously important—to him. Cad is the man who sneers at the ferment of youth and youth's effort to unload, let for it. Their freely-expressed opinions, their certainty that they have measured the full span of life, their conceit and priggishness—these are not the foolishness of fools, but growth.

And in the secret heart of youth—as all men will remember that have gone past the age—there are a thousand bitternesses, unnamable, uncountable. They are the growing pains of the soul.

Growth has a limit. Some reach it at the age of 20, even earlier; others not until ripe age. Themselves can't tell when it is going to stop. We only conceive that there must be something beyond the reality that growth has ceased.

Every man who owns the right spirit wants to go on growing. He doesn't want to think he has done as well as he will ever do. He wants to grow in ability, in prowess, in the esteem of those whose opinion he values.

But he never desires his head to swell, or for his hat

A. G.

The Art of Refereeing

THE QUALIFICATIONS NEEDED BY A MUCH-ABUSED SPORTSMAN.

Good referees, be it at football, boxing, or any other sport, are scarce, possibly because refereeing is often a very thankless job, more probably because success as a referee calls for rather exceptional qualities of mind, brain, and character, especially the last-named—and, to some extent also, of physique.

The first essential to good refereeing is a thorough knowledge of the game. It may sound obvious, but half the trouble with referees arises from the fact that they do not know the laws of the game which they profess to control.

This is pre-eminently true of professional football; in it there are fairly frequent cases of paid referees making mistakes, not of judgment, but of fact, and therefore it is not surprising that amateur referees often show a glorious ignorance of the laws they are there to administer.

But it is not enough, however, that a referee should know the laws of a game; he should be prepared to deal with emergencies not provided for by the rules.

Close study of the rules and careful thinking of all problems that may arise in a game will be a long way to making a good referee.

I remember when I was a football referee I used to amuse myself inventing knotty questions, and the time was well spent, for you never know when the unexpected may happen.

Moreover, the would-be referee must train himself to think and act quickly. I think the majority of players would rather have a referee who gave wrong decisions quickly than one who gave right verdicts slowly. Nothing upsets players and spoils a game so much as a slow and hesitating referee.

NEED FOR DECISION.

The very fact that he is in doubt will inspire confidence in some of the players, and though in the end he may be right, his decision is sure to be disputed. On the other hand, a quick, sharp decision will often be accepted unanimously, although the "ref." may be at fault.

How should a referee himself be, or have been, a player? Well, this is a point on which opinions differ widely.

Perhaps one of the best of Rugby football referees is Mr. A. O. Jones, a famous player in his day. On the other hand, I do not think that among the Association "soccer" referees there is a single ex-player of importance. I think there is something to be said for the view that the ex-player is apt to get too keenly interested in a game, to follow it too much from his own point of view, to make an ideal "ref."

After all, onlookers see most of the game, and probably the man who has trained himself for refereeing by watching matches and studying the theory of the game will make a better performer with the whistle than the ex-player, who, as a rule, sees the game only from his particular position as a player.

ALWAYS ON THE SPOT.

A referee has to be pretty fit if he is to keep up with a fast game, but a really good referee will save himself a lot of unnecessary running by anticipating the course of the game. A capable referee will come by practice instinctively to choose the best position for giving a decision, and will always be in or about the right spot when wanted. It is a referee's duty to keep up with the game, but some "refs" carry this virtue to excess, with the result that they get in the way of the players and the critical moments.

All said and done, however, refereeing is mainly a matter of character. A referee must know the game, and it is quite as essential that he should be sure of himself—in other words, he should have the definite views on the interpretation not only of the letter but of the spirit of the game, and he should stick to his guns through thick and thin.

An inconsistent referee plays the very dickens with a game. Mr. A. O. Jones, as a referee, was very severe on the Australian Rugby footballers, yet they preferred him to any other "ref.," simply because he was consistent, and they knew what to expect from him. With other referees "Wallaby" tactics were sometimes condoned, sometimes punished, in the course of a single game, and the players did not know where they were, but "Jonah" was inflexible and consistent.

IN THE RING.

There is no more popular referee in the boxing world than Mr. Eugene Corri, yet he is merciless to the shady boxer or the "pug." who won't try. But then Mr. Corri is always consistent; he does not allow certain tactics one night and penalise the same manœuvres the next evening. The referee who does not know his own mind is worse than useless.

At the same time, there is no need for the "ref." to imagine himself a little tin god on wheels. He may make a blunder, and if he is a wise man he will be the first to acknowledge it.

Nevertheless, he should never allow players to argue with him on the question of his decision, although there is something to be said in favour of the referee's explaining the grounds for his verdict pantomimically, as many do nowadays. Sometimes it may be doubtful whether a free kick is given for a foul or for "hands," and to satisfy players and spectators the referee may well show why he blew the whistle.

A referee can easily make or mar a game, and the pity is that many modern referees do not sufficiently exercise their powers as regards brutal or foul play.

ASSERTING HIS AUTHORITY.

Of course, it is a serious matter to order a man off the field, but the referee should never hesitate to exercise his powers when he sees a case of deliberately dirty play. Anyway, it is perfectly ridiculous to see a referee, as I saw the other day, caution a man not once, nor twice, but three times, where one warning should have been quite sufficient.

However, that pertains principally to professional football, and I am thinking more of amateur refereeing.

As I hinted at the beginning, the referee is apt to get more kicks than ha'pence, and sometimes he deserves his fate, having undertaken duties for which he had neither technical knowledge nor moral stamina.

But the referee is not always bullied, and baited, and browbeaten. Often he is the most respected and popular man on the field. This is when he knows the game and insists on its being played in a sporting way. And in refereeing, especially for the young idea, there is a fine field for sportsmen who are past active play, and in teaching the boys to play the game and nothing but the game, they can do really useful work, and also enjoy a pleasant afternoon of exercise and amusement.

ARTHUR WHARTON.

OVER THE FIRE.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
—LONGFELLOW.

I am sitting over the fire. All the other members of the household have gone to bed. I have turned out the gas. There is no sound in the room except the occasional scamper of a mouse as it runs round between the wall and the sideboard.

I am at present in one of those delightful harbours of peace which so seldom come to a man. I have put in a good day's business—nothing so brilliant as to justify elation, but yet sufficiently satisfactory to give one confidence for the present and hope for the future. I have spent the evening in what I believe to be enjoyment—that is to say, in exercise—and my body is sufficiently tired to prevent my energy from making its presence uncomfortably apparent.

I am sitting in complete repose, wholly relaxed, physically unconscious, and yet with an active mind.

As I bend my elbows over my knees, and put my head upon my hands, and sit over the fire, I think of the days that have gone.

The future presents itself sometimes, but I banish it. Every thought in that direction is contingent upon circumstances, and a trifle worrying. and as I sit over the fire I do not want to be worried.

The past, on the other hand, is devoid of disturbing circumstances. It is dead, and I survey it impassionately, knowing that I cannot alter it.

There is a reason for every thought that occurs to a man, and the flicker of a dancing flame upon my gaiters brings back to me the distant memory of the first time I was upon a horse. I remember the man who advised me to take up riding and who mounted me upon his hack in the paddock beside his house.

He was one of the best.

It beats me, when I come to think of it, why he ever troubled about me. I remember going off my grub and feeling generally out of sorts when he went off to Canada.

He promised to write to me, but he has never written. I knew he never would. Letters are a nuisance to a man, and he was always better at riding a horse than driving a pen. I wonder what he is doing now and whether he is thinking of me as I sit over the fire.

I remember another who entered into my life about the same period. He was entirely different. He was cynical, unkind, and yet clever; his taunts and his jests had enough of truth in them to make them sting. Often he made me feel small. He was curbing me, arresting my development, making me doubt myself and the world; the other was helping me on.

The memory of one acquaintanceship brings up another, and I recall the men I have liked and disliked. What a glorious thing it would be if I could summon by magic and range around me in the firelight all the fellows whom I have really cared for!

But some of them are dead, and some of them have doubtless changed. It is years since I met them, and I suppose they have developed as I have done—and perhaps they have developed on different lines. It is not likely that we should think as much of each other now if we met as we did in the days gone by.

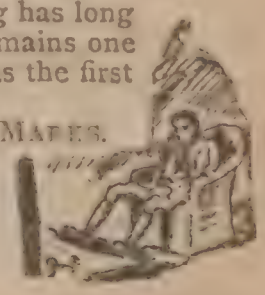
I know this, and a knowledge of it does not give me pain, for everything is peaceful as you sit over the fire.

Away at the back of a large lump of coal, a curling flame is rising. It reminds me of the curls of a woman's hair, and it recalls to me a summer evening in a briar-scented garden, and something that she said and something that I said.

We were only girl and boy, and who would judge a child?

I remember my feelings when I heard that she was to marry somebody else, but the sting has long since been forgotten. But still she remains one one of the women of my life, for she was the first who entered it.

H. WILSON-MARES.



THE GAME OF BOWLS.

AN ANCIENT SPORT THAT DESERVES GREATER POPULARITY.

Too long has it been thought by young chaps that bowls is a game for old men with nothing better to do.

"Bowls! Good Heavens!"

I can just imagine many readers of THE MODERN MAN saying something like this when they catch sight of the heading of this little article of praise, which I trust, however, they will read.

Such a hold had the game over the young archers about the twelfth century that Parliament had to pass measures so that the village butts should not be quite forgotten.

So great a fascination had bowls for Henry VIII. that he broke the Act to have a game—and I, for one, don't wonder.

It is a game which all who care for billiards will enjoy. It requires a steady hand, good judgment, and an eye for distances.

There is a sense of real pleasure in watching your "wood" curl gracefully round in a semi-circle—a feeling of having achieved something when you see that you have given your "wood" the right "length," and a feeling of confidence in your powers when you are able to repeat the performance.

I claim also for my favourite game that even the pound-a-week man can enjoy the delights it offers. I believe there are as many as fourteen greens in London, and almost every park in the provinces has one in some corner or other.

The usual price is one penny per hour, and you can get two games of "twenty-one up" through in that time.

What could you desire more in the way of surroundings than a carefully-cut and beautifully-laid stretch of green grass bordered, as these greens generally are, by flower beds?

Further, I claim for bowls that it is a game which does not intrude itself upon you unduly. You can play, and thoroughly enjoy the game. You can feel better for playing; but—and this to my mind is a big item—you are not always longing to get through with the day, so that you can get at it again.

I speak as one who has played most games; as one who has been held in bondage by billiards, and so on, and I say again, there is no other game quite equal to bowls for real enjoyment.

There are two kinds of greens, and to those who may desire to try their hands at it, my advice is, learn to play upon a "crown" green.

A "crown" green is one which is raised in the centre from ten to twelve inches, and which presents a raised centre from whichever side you view it.

Usually the "bowls" or "woods" are made of lignum vitæ, oval in shape one way and round the other, with one side of the oval weighted or "biassed."

The "jack"—which is made on the same principle as the bowls—is thrown by one of the players to the further side of the green, and the art of the game is to throw—or rather bowl—your "woods" just so they touch the "jack."

Seems quite simple, doesn't it? But, before making up your mind that it is too simple, try it.

I'll bet you will wish you hadn't been so cocksure if you do.

If you do *not* feel certain that you can do it without wasting your time trying, do not be afraid to go on to the green, because almost every bowler is a "sport," and he will not make you feel awkward if you make a mess of it first time—at least, none that I have met have ever done so.

In conclusion, allow me earnestly to commend my favourite game to all who are looking for new worlds to conquer, and to assure them with real sincerity that they will not regret having followed my advice.

Rather will you feel that here is a game which is at once interesting, amusing, and healthy.

Good luck! and I hope you get "two in" first time.

ERIC THORNEYCROFT.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF EDITORIAL WORK.

I wonder if you have ever realised the vast amount of comedy and tragedy that is brought to the personal notice of the occupant of an editorial chair? It is not, I can assure you, by any means pleasing.

As the title at the top of one of our regular pages informs the world at large, business is business, and I have always kept it so; but I know of no other business where so many attempts are made to secure consideration by means of pathos as in that of editing a paper.

MANUSCRIPTS.

As I think I have already told you, I have for some time past been obliged to relegate the reading of manuscripts to my chief assistant, and I have instructed him to let me see only those that he considers to have some chance of acceptance.

Occasionally, in dealing with the manuscripts that he has recommended to me, I find one which is absolutely worthless, and I wonder why he ever thought of passing it on to me. I would resent this wasting of my time, but accompanying the manuscript is a pathetic letter which explains why he did his best for the writer by putting it amongst those which I was to consider.

I have never asked him to stop showing me these manuscripts with pathetic letters to them, because the very fact that he does so indicates a certain amount of tender-heartedness that it is not my desire to repress.

I am a good deal older than he is in journalistic experience, and I suppose that my heart, during business hours at least, is harder. Certain it is that I have never yet bought a manuscript upon anything except its merits. No story of domestic trouble or poverty can move me to purchasing that which would not be acceptable to my readers.

THE PATHETIC NOTE.

When I was young at this business, my heart-strings ached for some of the unfortunate people who, finding themselves hard up, tried to write something with a view to raising the wind, even although their literary talents were nil; but it did not take me long to realise that if I were to fill the paper with the work of people who might be called "deserving cases," I should lose my public.

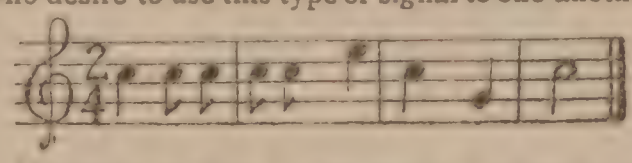
Supposing I printed an article that was absolutely rotten, and put an editorial note at the top of it saying that the man who wrote it was starving, I venture to think that you would remain unconvinced; certainly that column would be to you ten and a half inches of waste matter.

It is not my intention to speak as to the occasions when I may have lifted a finger to help a fellow-creature, or when I may have raised a hand, but it has always been done in private life and not in connection with my business.

The grocer is not asked for charity; no traveller tries to persuade him to buy sand and sell it for sugar because that traveller's wife may be in hospital; but that sort of argument is constantly put before an editor. After a time one becomes more or less callous, but never so much so that pathetic letters do not to some extent give pain even if they do not influence.

A LEAGUE WHISTLE.

As I promised last week, I have pleasure in reproducing herewith the notes of a whistle which I think is admirably suited for those members of the League who desire to use this type of signal to one another.



I remember when I was at the University, we undergraduates had a particular call of our own. It was the opening notes of the song whose Latin words are "*Gaudeamus, igitur, juvenes dum sumus.*"

We used to whistle this on passing the [illegible] particular friend, and, hearing it, he would [illegible] out and say whether he happened to be too busy to take an evening off.

There was a charm about using that whistle. It was more informal than ringing the door-bell, and the man who heard it knew at once that it was a fellow-undergrad who was giving the signal, and he could form a very shrewd guess as to the identity of the individual.

I intend the whistle which I have given here to be used for similar purposes. A musical signal of this type is often extremely useful.

I do not know whether it interests you, but the whistle is the whistle of the Barcelonas, my particular friends in the "King's Own."

A LETTER.

I have before me a letter which I consider to be of more than usual interest. It comes from a reader in Blackburn.

"My friend and I are clerks, aged twenty-[illegible]," he says, "and we find great difficulty in passing the time after finishing work.

"We do not quite understand the sort of thing we want, but we do *not* want the following:

"Joining the Territorials.

"Walking.

"Studying.

"Joining one of the ordinary athletic clubs.

"We shall be extremely grateful to you if you could help us, as we are about sick of walking round and having nothing to do."

ITS ANSWER.

I have already told you that I am not a Socialist or a social reformer, neither am I a preacher of the ridiculous "success" doctrine that would have every man spend his spare time in improving himself in his business. But such a letter as this drives home to me the fact that there is something wrong with our social organisation.

Here are two young men, just about my own age, presumably healthy, who do not know what to do with themselves.

I have no desire to enforce personal ideas in a matter like this, and the way in which I have spent my own leisure time is not likely to appeal to them. As I have already said, I have used my leisure either to make money or to enjoy myself, and I have used it fairly satisfactorily for both purposes.

I do not suggest that my correspondent and his friend should devote themselves to money-making, but I think that it is more than pathetic that they should come to me for advice as to the spending of their leisure.

There are a hundred and one ways in which a man may be happy in his spare time without expenditure. Three of the best of these ways are barred to me by my correspondent. He will not go in for military work, he will not walk, he will not join an athletic club.

THE AWAKENING.

I daresay you know other men like these two. You might call them insipid or lifeless, but I believe that the truth really is that the spirit that must be somewhere dormant within them has never been awakened. One of these days it will [illegible] with a rush, and then it may be dangerous. It will be better for them now to take an interest in life soberly, sanely, and yet with enthusiasm.

A man lives, if ever, in his spare time. He does not know what to do with himself then, what is his ideal? What does he dream of ever doing? For what is he working?

If he has no pleasures in life, and does not know how to find any, I am afraid he might as well not exist, unless he happens to strike the right sort of chap who will take him personally by the hand and show him the error of his ways.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

MY PAL IN SCOTLAND.

A RECORD OF POSTAL CHUMSHIP.

My dearest pal—the one whose friendship I value the highest, and whose loss I should feel the keenest—is one whose face I have never seen, whose hand I have never grasped, and whose voice I have never heard.

Yes, I repeat, he is my dearest pal. None could be truer than he; for none could my thoughts be more real.

Three years have passed since we first "met"—for we did meet, although we were separated at the time by many hundreds of miles. He was in the north of Scotland, I in the south of England, but we were both Britishers, and now we are pals.

I shall always feel grateful to the periodical which brought us together, although, alas! it is now defunct. A feeble offspring of one of the great trusts, which struggled in vain to rise out of obscurity, initiated a scheme for putting into communication with one another those readers who were following similar trades or professions, or who had similar tastes.

I was one of the first to be enrolled. Why I took that action I really do not know. The impulse to send in my name came upon me, and I blindly obeyed it, but it was the best thing I have ever done for myself.

In due course I received the names of four fellows who were engaged in my profession, and who had stated that they had a fondness for sport. The address of the last on the list was "—— N.B." I had never heard of the town before, and I must confess that I was then woefully ignorant of the meaning of the "N.B." So that name was struck out.

The first name was that of a man living quite close to me, but I did not take the trouble to get acquainted with him, as I knew him to be anything but a sportsman.

I wrote twice to the next on the list, but failed to obtain a reply.

The third I corresponded with for a short time, and then our letters dropped off—he was one of the milk-and-water variety of bogus sportsmen.

After that experience, the list lay neglected for some time. Fate made it turn up unexpectedly one day, however, and it was again owing to an unreasoned impulse that I deciphered the name my pencil had so unjustifiably effaced and wrote to the address given. It was just a brief, formal letter, but it was immediately after that that I "met" my pal.

I knew him to be a man, which means a sportsman. I knew him to be clean, straight, and genuine. He never said he was; no one told me so. But I knew.

We now speak to one another just whenever we like. Sometimes it is a week before we receive each other's reply. More often it is a fortnight. Occasionally it has been considerably over a month. But, however long the delay, we know there is a good reason for it. We're real pals, you see.

We criticise one another's work freely and frankly. Yet neither becomes offended—we know that the criticism is kindly and honest, and that it will be of great help.

In sport we compare our past records and discuss our hopes for the future.

We also compare our respective measurements. Most of his muscles are splendid; a few are beaten by mine. But we are each working hard to catch the other up, and we shall soon succeed.

About a year or so ago we exchanged photos, but I knew what sort of a chap he was long before that. A short time ago I moved two hundred miles nearer to him—according to the map. In reality we had always been together.

Later on he will be coming South. One day we shall meet in person. Outsiders will then admit that which they would now deny—that we have met.

But we sha'n't get anyone to introduce us. We sha'n't say, "Pleased to meet you." We sha'n't even shake hands. A fellow doesn't do that sort of thing when he stumbles across his dearest pal.

W. V. BAILEY.

SPORTING STORIES

"It was blowing hard when we ran out of port," began the old salt, impressively.

"But I suppose you'd got some sherry or something to go on with?" said the sympathetic listener.

* * *

"What did father say when you told him of our engagement?" asked the young lady.

"Well—er—really, Phyllis——" began the ineligible young man.

"Oh, leave out the strong language."

"Then there's nothing to tell you."

* * *

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Tommy, as he ran to meet his father in the hall.

"Did he have a bill!"

"No, papa; he had just a plain nose."

* * *

BEGGAR: "Kind sir, give me a penny for my two children."

KIND SIR: "That isn't dear, certainly, but I don't think I'll take them; I have four already at home."

* * *

The vicar called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying:

"Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.

* * *

"Been standing there long?" asked the millionaire from the depths of his fur coat.

"Hours, sir," replied the beggar.

"Cold?"

"Frozen, sir," said the mendicant, with rising hope.

"Ah," said the millionaire, as he walked on, "now what you want to do is to move about a bit."

* * *

The Missus to the new Maid: "Egg-spoons, Mary! Egg-spoons! When you lay eggs always lay spoons too!

* * *

"Augustus," said the boy's parent, "your headmaster informs me that you desire to become a missionary. This noble aspiration——"

"Pa," replied the erratic youth, "that was so. But it's off. I've swapped my foreign stamp collection for white mice."

* * *

A country parson was one day going his usual round of visiting when he was stopped by one of his congregation, an old farm hand, who said:

"An' hoo be your darter this mornin', sir?"

"My daughter?" exclaimed the parson, rather surprised. "Oh, she is quite well, thank you."

"What!" cried the rustic. "Quite well? Why, I heard she had a cycle accident yesterday an' busted her inner tubing!"

* * *

SCHOOLMASTER: "Now tell me what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head."

HOPEFUL PUPIL; "He was awful glad it wasn't a brick."

FURNISHING: Those readers who are contemplating setting up a home of their own would be well-advised to pay a visit to the establishment of of Messrs. Jelks, 263 to 275, Holloway-road, N.

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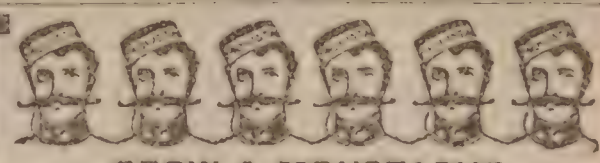

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE USE OF THE GYMNASIUM.

Some months ago I suggested on this page that competitive development was an excellent means of keeping up one's interest in physical culture, and that to get another fellow of about the same physique to start with you and to compare notes and measurements as time went on was a useful plan.

I would bring the idea once more to the notice of my readers, for I feel convinced that the man who works entirely by himself, even though he may start with the best intentions, will probably begin to get slack, and to feel the want of something to keep him up to the mark.

This is one of the most important factors in the value of the gymnasium. It provides a meeting place for a number of young men who have common tastes and aspirations, and whose end and aim is a sound mind and a sound body.

The usefulness of physical training in such surroundings must of necessity be far greater than of that which each man goes through alone, and even if the gymnasium be attended only once a week it will help to keep one up to the mark, besides having many of the social advantages of a club—to say nothing of the opportunities for athletic instruction that are available in most cases.

Moreover, the gymnast who is expert in the use of the parallel and horizontal bars, the vaulting horse, the ropes and rings, the bridge ladder, and so on, usually acquires a grace and ease of movement that the merely well-developed man often lacks.

Indeed, the development of large muscles not infrequently gives a certain amount of ungainliness to the figure that is best averted by occasional work of a freer kind in the gymnasium.

In most towns of any size there are gymnastic clubs, and often institutions such as schools and colleges, which possess a gymnasium throw it open on certain evenings to clubs and individuals from outside.

A NOVEL EXERCISE.

Stand erect some three or four feet away from a strong table or similar piece of furniture.

Place one hand behind the back and the other on the edge of the table so that the body leans towards it at an angle of about thirty degrees.

When in this position both the body and legs, and the arm that bears the weight should be perfectly rigid.

Difficult but useful.

The heel of the foot nearest the table should be placed against the instep of the other, so as to prevent slipping.

Now bend the arm gradually so that the chest comes forward and is turned in towards the table as shown in the sketch. It is most important that the body should be twisted only from the hips, and that the tendency to move the feet should be resisted.

The exercise tells chiefly on the muscles of the arms and shoulders.

Having brought your chest as near as possible to the table, you should press up again to the starting position and continue the movement some half-dozen times before turning round and continuing the exercise with the other hand on the table.

WEIGHING YOURSELF.

The man who is in training for some athletic contest or another generally weighs himself periodically, but this is not of much use unless it is done regularly and with the same weight of clothes on each occasion, and a careful record is kept.

The rowing man weighs himself every day, and this is certainly the best plan. Each day is entered up on a chart the exact weight to half a pound, so that any fluctuation may be observed at a glance.

Often the weight is recorded before and after each day's exercise, so that the effect of the exertion may be observed.

If one is not in the pink of condition the weight may be lower by a pound or more on the return.

It might not be imagined that nervousness would affect the weight to any appreciable extent, but I have myself lost two pounds in weight before a big athletic event from sheer blue funk. And, what is more, I have known other men do the same.

The explanation I am not skilled enough in medical matters to give, but the fact is indisputable.

Many men weigh themselves at varying intervals—perhaps once in the height of summer when clad in the lightest of flannels, and then again in mid-winter with a heavy overcoat and a thick tweed suit on board. Then they wonder that their weight varies perhaps by a stone or more.

The average weight to allow for a man's clothes is seven pounds, and although it is not possible for many men to strip before weighing themselves, they should make a point of wearing clothes of about the same weight each time.

A KNIFE-OPENING TRICK.

The extraordinary attitude of the gentleman in the sketch needs some explaining; and it is not everyone who is sufficiently supple to get into it without some difficulty.

The way of the trick is this. Stand upright so that your feet form a right angle. Place a closed pocket knife in the middle of the angle.

Now, without moving your feet, bend down as if you were going to sit.

Your knees will now come apart, so that you can pass your arms in between them from the front, the elbows coming just underneath the knees.

Worth many exercises.

The object is to pick up the knife from between your feet, open it, close it, and replace it on the floor. The feet must not be moved in any way throughout the process, so that a very considerable strain is put on the ankles, which are among the many parts of the body to benefit considerably by the practising of this trick.

It will be obvious that the legs must be worked as near to the shoulders as possible, so as to allow the forearms and wrists to turn inwards sufficiently to allow the knife to be picked up.

The keeping of the balance will at first present no small difficulty, but if you lean forward as far as you can without falling over you will be able to relieve the strain on the upper part of the legs.

This trick, besides being an excellent one for production if "parlour tricks" are being performed, is as good as any number of exercises for suppling the limbs and stretching the joints.

You will find it advisable to choose a pocket-knife that opens easily.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

Grasp the back of a chair or the rail or anything that will help you to maintain balance.

Stand erect at arm's length from it with the feet together.

Now bend the legs alternately at the knee as here depicted.

Simple but effecti with vigou

Each must be raised as far as possible until the calf is forced against the thigh, and the foot must at the same time be straightened.

A mere perfunctory raising of the leg will be worse than useless.

The knees must be kept close together all the time, and no bending from the hip allowed.

As the leg is returned to the ground muscles should be contracted as much as and thus those in front of the thigh will do those at the back, by the raising of the highest possible point.

SYMPATHETIC DEVELOPMEN

One of the mysteries of physical devel the manner in which muscles develop sympathy.

A friend of mine suddenly took up development, more from sheer vanity any other reason. He wanted to have muscles, in order that he could invite feel his biceps, and he exercised with th in view and nothing else. He practis bell exercises and developer exercises a other exercises, such as those I have giv page, but his choice invariably rested exercises which developed the muscles o

He was perfectly healthy when he physical culture, but he was weedy all o three months' practice, however, he h good all-round development. The calv legs were considerably larger than previously been, and it was easy to see carriage that his back and his abdomen strengthened.

His case was a very good illustrati fact that muscles are capable of sy development. While exercising his mind, although concentrated upon the was yet to some extent fixed upon his equipment as a whole.

This, I think, is the chief explanati effect that the exercises had upon his course, the muscles of the legs were c little while he was practising with bells, for the tensing of one set of musc sarily means the slight tensing of others

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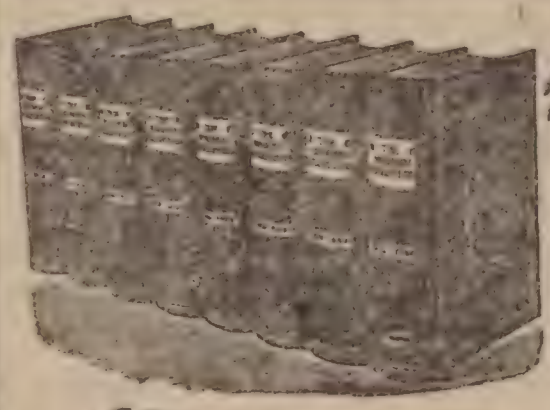

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BUSINESS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
P. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

SPEED.

If I were asked to sum up in one word what I considered the secret of business success, I should say speed.

I am supposing always that the speed is accompanied by efficiency, for work done in a slip-shod manner is never ultimately profitable, no matter at what speed it may be got through.

In the neighbourhood in which I reside, I recently had an interesting illustration of the utility of speed from the commercial point of view.

Ours is a residential quarter, and we have a number of cobblers' shops, so many, in fact, that I should have thought it impossible for a new man to start in this line of business in our locality with any hope of success.

Such a daring spirit, however, recently appeared in our midst, and his arrival was heralded by black forebodings on the part of those already established in the same line.

I may mention here that I make a point of keeping in touch with many of the small tradesmen in the neighbourhood, for there is always something to be learned in discussing business with a man who is actively engaged in in it, no matter whether his operations are in pence or in hundreds of pounds.

UNFOUNDED CONFIDENCE.

Two of our local cobblers laughed outright when I told them that they were going to have a new rival.

"Let him come," they said in effect. "We have cut prices so low already that he can't get beneath us, and unless he offers the people a lower price, we don't see why our old customers should leave us."

But the new cobbler had something up his sleeve that the older tradesmen had not thought of. His trump card was not undercutting, which always means a certain amount of loss to the undercutter. It was simply speed.

He is a man in quite a small way of business, working himself, and with another man to help him, but—whether it is by good management, or whether it is by working all night, I do not know—the fact remains that, if you send a pair of boots to him to be soled or repaired in any way, they will be returned to you finished in less than twenty-four hours. We used to think ourselves lucky if we got our boot repairs back from the old cobblers by the end of a week.

HUMAN NATURE AND BUSINESS.

The new cobbler knows something about human nature. It might be argued that in such a neighbourhood as ours people do not rub along with the minimum number of boots, and that the speed at which a pair was set to rights would not matter to them, but the question of speed in boot repairing is one that concerns nearly every customer.

A man may intend to play golf on the Saturday afternoon, and want his golf shoes back sharp to time, or the repair may be connected with a pair of heavy walking boots that he may or may not want for a country ramble during the week-end.

In any case he wants the repairs done quickly, and the new cobbler appears to have discovered this, to him, great truth.

So far as my experience goes, the same thing applies in every sphere of business.

If the cobbler turned his work out badly, we should, of course, go back to the old and efficient though slower people, but he turns his work out quite satisfactorily. So with the typist. It is the secretary who can take down shorthand notes rapidly, and who does not require to be hustled as to their production in type, who retains his or her post and leaves equally competent though less rapid competitors far behind.

In every workshop and in every office that is run upon sound commercial lines there is no overstaffing. Everyone concerned has as much work as he or she can do, and yet in spite of this there are little extras, accounts to be filed, special parcels to be dispatched, and other things to be attended to that are not allowed for in the day's programme. They can only be got through by the speedy disposal of the regular work.

THE FASCINATION OF IT.

I heartily recommend anyone who may not have thought of it to try working at speed, if only for one day.

There is a fascination in motoring and in rapid transit generally, and the same thrill may be experienced in the rapid dealing with work.

If a man is working for his own hand he does not need to be shown the advantages of having a spare half-hour at the end of the day; but those who are working for other people may ask themselves why they should use up their energy by working at speed when working at an ordinary pace would be as effectual in keeping their position secure.

There are many reasons why they should work at speed, even though the profit may largely fall to other hands than theirs.

First, there is the thrill of which I speak; a day's work done at speed leaves behind it a feeling of exhilaration hardly second to that experienced by the athlete after his exercise.

Second, there is the advantage of having a few minutes to yourself from time to time throughout the day, for during these few minutes you can check your work, make out a programme, and generally put things to rights in a manner which would be impossible if you simply muddled through at a moderate speed.

WHY IT PAYS.

Then we have the best reason of all, the fact that your chief or employer is always wanting speed, and it is by speed that you recommend yourself to him, and it is because of speed, always combined with efficiency, that he increases your salary.

Whether the business man be an employer or an employee, the attainment of speed should be his great purpose.

The employer is dealing with the public and soliciting their business, and the public is always appreciative of speed, and may even be induced to pay a little more to secure it, although I do not advise the charging of a higher price. Speed should be used simply as a costless means of securing business. There is no reason why the price should be enhanced, for that has the contrary effect of cutting business down.

The employee, as I have shown, may qualify himself for an increase of salary by no quicker means than by speeding himself up.

That is the business aspect of it, but there is also the personal and keen satisfaction of knowing at the end of the day that no man could have done more in the time than you have done. Feelings like that strengthen a man's character and personality and increase his confidence in himself, and these things go farther towards the building up of commercial success than they generally get credit for.

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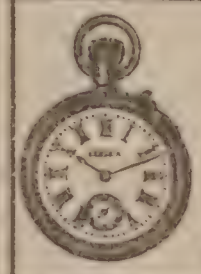

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXVIII.

MISSING!

J. T. Dean, returned from one of his flying tours among the buyers of chain in the British Isles, wore an expression of unwonted thoughtfulness as he entered his private office, and, casting his great-coat over the back of a chair, seated himself at his desk.

He drew some papers from his pocket and then went through them, placing the orders he had secured on the journey in one pile and the inquiries in another.

Then, on a piece of scrap paper, he proceeded to total up the value of chain that each represented.

He was alone, and his customary guise of sleepy good-humour had disappeared. Thoughtful before, the result of his calculations now made him look anxious. He pursed his lips, and stroked his brow with his fingers pensively.

"M—m," he mused softly, "skin and bone! That's our portion, while our cute young rival grows fat."

The caressing of his brow went on for some time longer, as he gazed steadily at the papers before him, seeing not them, but the dark, inscrutable face of the man who frustrated his moves at every turn and retaliated quietly, unobtrusively, but with crushing force.

J. T. Dean, as he put it to himself, was up against the toughest proposition of his life. His prosperity, the schemes he had outlined for the future, from which the Chain Syndicate would gain incidentally, and he himself particularly, his *amour propre*—all were threatened with destruction by the one factor of a personality that he could not understand or overcome.

He felt in his pocket and brought another paper, which he unfolded and smoothed on his blotting-pad, and then, resting his elbows on the desk, he became absorbed in the scrutiny and perusal of it.

It was a four-page leaflet, and it bore as title on the front page, printed in bold red type, simply:

CHAIN PRODUCTION:

SOME FACTS AND COMPARISONS.

Within it was illustrated with photographs of two chain machines, one headed "British Invention" and the other "American Invention," also with diagrams of various parts, while a full and lucid explanation and comparison of the producing powers of the machines were given.

It was a simple and convincing testimony to the superiority of the British machine, of which further and satisfactory evidence was given by the advice of an all-round reduction of £5 a ton on every size and quality of chain.

Following this was a terse statement to the effect that this machine was the outcome of a determination to oppose the attempt to establish an American Chain Trust: signed—Richard Selby.

That was all. There were no pleas for preference from buyers. The facts were left to speak for themselves.

And J. T. Dean knew they were unassailable. They proved the Chain Syndicate, with its present equipment of machinery, to be a great white elephant, a ponderous bulk of trumpeting impotence.

Every buyer that he had interviewed on the recent journey was in possession of one of the leaflets, impressed by it, made suspicious of the Syndicate, to whom, without actual reference, it unquestionably alluded, so much so, in fact, that many of them had intimated their intention to close their account with the Syndicate for good and all.

Only here and there had he been able to secure orders, and this solely by dint of eloquent denials, backed up with the offer to accept a price at even a greater reduction than his rival had quoted.

Pushing back his chair, J. T. Dean stood, still reflective, drumming with his fingers on the desk; then he drew himself up briskly.

Crossing the office he passed through a door, along a passage and into another expensively furnished room. His partner Derwood glanced up as he entered.

"You're back, then," he said. "I didn't know you were returning to-day."

"No; I made up my mind suddenly." Dean had regained his normal manner; nevertheless, when he was comfortably settled in an armchair by the fire, he had something to say which brought Derwood upright in his seat.

"I've come back," he said, "to arrange about sendin' friend Selby on a six months' holiday. I've concluded he's too troublesome close at hand. Read that!"

He tossed over the paper which had been occupying his attention a minute ago.

"Now, don't sass," he snapped, as Derwood, after glancing at it, was about to speak. "Digest the lot first. You know somethin' of machinery, and that leetle description will give you pains."

Lighting a cigar, he waited patiently. More than once Derwood looked at him, startled, and each time Dean nodded.

"Got it?" queried the latter, suddenly. "You see, that automatic machine's bein' played up now for all it's worth. And I don't mind confessin'," he added, "to a cute man it's worth millions. Waal, Selby comes under that catalogue, and I reckon he needs no information on the point.

"Now, as I told you a day or two back, we must have that machine or bust, and, as Selby's unlikely to hand it over for the askin', we must put him somewhere where his objections won't be noticed. We'll send him abroad."

"Abroad!" echoed Derwood, mechanically.

"Precisely. I've been thinkin' hard, and that's the net proceeds. If you'll sit tight you shall hear how. We shall charter a small tramp sailer, inhabit her with men we can trust—you can leave that to me—and dispatch her to Australia, with instructions not to hurry. Cargo—friend Selby. We'll rig her out with stores for about six months, and when she gets to Sydney she can outfit again, if the captain thinks he'd like a pleasure cruise, and he can drop our cute competitor where he likes then, so long as it's somewhere in the region of the Antipodes.

"You grasp the details?" he went on, coolly. "In these islands, or anywhere on land, he'd be gettin' loose, sure as judgment. But not from there. Matter of fact, he'll be kept in irons if he gets unruly."

"Yes, yes, a good idea," said Derwood.

"Nothin' worse, though. Once clear of th shores he'll be treated decently. I shall orders for that, because—well, I've a deal of for him as a man, inconvenient as he is other So long as he behaves, and doesn't try to boss ship, same as he's managed to boss Moulden, be O.K.

"The only other hardship will be that he'll landed without a dollar in his pocket, so probably be another six months gettin' again. Meanwhile, we shall help ourselves to useful machine."

"It would be splendid, if it were poss Derwood sighed.

"Possible. It's as easy as blinkin'."

"How do you propose to capture him?"

"This way. You know Selby's secon are along the canal bank, and he's backward forwards at least once most days. Very Once the vessel's ready we shall have a moored to the canal side where he passes, t four reliable men there, and they'll have to their chance. Night and a sandbag is all required.

"Then Selby will be trussed up and stowed the hole they call a cabin, and the barge will towed to a certain place to be arranged. car will be in readiness there, to run him up as lightnin' to Liverpool. He'll be doped, so need have no fear of him showin' fight during interval. Then he'll be taken on board, and any questions are asked he's the mate, intoxicated. See?"

"If it could be done," began Derwood, slowly.

Dean regarded him for a moment. mask dropped from him momentarily, and him to be grim, reckless, and determined.

"You needn't fear," he said, with strange qui "It'll be done, if I have to club him and carry there myself. I never go to a great amou trouble for nothing. But you keep out of it. seein' to this transaction myself."

"But the machines?"

"Well, what about 'em?" returned Dean, mo more genial. "Once Selby's gone, who's to s us walkin' into his place and takin' possessio Who's to say we haven't bought the place? Wh to say Selby hadn't agreed to come into Syndicate? Nobody. We can always swear verbal arrangement with the other party to bargain absent."

"But when he comes back?" suggested D wood, and fear twitched his face.

Dean gave a short laugh. "Possession's points of the law, and there isn't a tenth, accor to my experience. We shall shut down Selb works, we shall install Selby's machines in establishment, and a dozen new ones in additio and it'll be for him to prove that we haven't ac in good faith, believin' him to be part and pa of this combine. That's when we shall be able offer him a partnership with a tolerable chan his acceptance.

"Because, mark this," concluded Dean, im sively, "by that time we shall have got the Br chain market just here," and he put out his h and brought the palms gently and firmly toget "Then may his Satanic Majesty wrest it us—if he can."

II.

It was one morning, rather less than a m later, that it became evident that Richard mysteriously disappeared.

Jim Graill, his secretary, walked into the H and Hounds at about eleven o'clock to ask M Gem if he knew where Richard had gone, as had expected him early at the works, and he h not put in an appearance.

"I dunno," replied Mark. "I ain't seen 'E didn't put up 'ere last night."

Graill was rather surprised to hear it, was where Richard had told him the pre night he intended to sleep, but he concluded something unexpected must have called him to town.

"Anyhow, I'll cut down to the other wo said. "Perhaps he's there."

Within the hour he was back again to tell

that Richard had left there shortly after eight o'clock, supposedly *en route* for Moulden.

"Last night?" queried Mark.

Graill nodded.

"Um, well," said Mark, with a significant intonation, "ye mustn't be too inquisitive. Why shouldn't Dick 'ave a night out now and then?"

"Bosh! He's not that sort. You know that. I'm anxious, Mark. I don't know why. I've a queer feeling there's something wrong. He's never away without leaving word, or wiring. Never has been. Ah!"—he had a sudden inspiration—"I'll ring up Lyons at Bagley Court. As likely as not he's been there."

A servant, however, informed him that Mr. and Miss Lyons were out, but that certainly Mr. Selby had not called.

Graill returned to the works, Mark, whose faith in Richard was almost fanatical, having laughed scornfully at his apprehensions. But he was vaguely uneasy, though he tried to stifle the feeling by sensible mental argument. He could think of a hundred reasons for Richard's absence, but not one that would explain his silence.

So it went on till the afternoon. Every minute he expected a message or to see the familiar figure stride into the office, and every minute his uneasiness deepened.

Again he went round to see Mark, and again got pooh-poohed.

"There's something wrong, I tell you," he said decidedly. "I can feel it in my bones."

"Yer bones are liars, then," rejoined Mark airily.

That night Graill wired his people to say he could not be home, and he stayed at the Hare and Hounds, where assuredly Richard would come if he were in Moulden. Mark was forced to sit and drink with him long after closing time, Graill asserting that he was unable to sleep and that it was quite possible Richard would turn up ere the night was over. He was voicing hope in order to assure himself.

Mark, unimaginative and fearless, thought him a fool, and told him so in vigorous terms, if with good intention; but even he consented to admit that it was peculiar when the subsequent day dawned with still no word from Richard. But he strenuously declined to be scared or to share Graill's growing conviction that an accident must have happened.

"All me eye!" he observed, "All me eye!"—but he again ventured an opinion which was dangerous to Richard's morality.

Exasperated, anxious, Graill made an explosive departure, and once more went out, to look in at both clubs, to inquire casually but persistently whether anyone had seen Richard since that evening two days before. So far he had confided his fears to none but Mark.

He thought of the Lyons, but decided it would be a mistake to tell them. If his fears were groundless and Richard reappeared with some simple explanation, he knew that Richard would look upon his action as ridiculous, and probably be very savage about it. No; he must not alarm Miss Lyons.

He thought of the police, but dismissed the idea instantly. He could not make Richard appear like a strayed infant.

By noon the next day his feelings had settled into a cold certainty of calamity, and inaction began to gnaw at his vitals like a rat.

"By God, Mark!" he said to him, when they were alone after lunch that day. "By God! if anybody's hurt him . . ."

He left it at that, unable to trust his voice further, and flung out of the room.

It was in such a mood as this that J. T. Dean found him on calling that afternoon to inquire probably if he might see Mr. Selby.

Graill, who was always in charge when Richard was away, had the card brought into him, and glowered at it in silence for a full minute. Then he ordered the clerk to show him in.

Mr. J. T. admirably feigned surprise Dean looked and said that he expected to see and desired to see Richard.

For answer, Graill stepped swiftly to the door and locked it, then whipped round with a revolver in his hand.

"Now, where is he?" he demanded, in a low, menacing tone. "Out with it, or as sure as hell I'll drill a hole through you."

Dean surveyed him with wide-open eyes.

"Gosh!" he said concernedly. "What's up?"

It was perfectly done.

"You know as well as I do he's not here," pursued Graill, but there was an impalpable ring of indecision in his voice.

"I do. I can see it," agreed Dean, who had not turned a hair; "but darned if I know why you should threaten me with a shooting-iron because of that."

Graill watched his sincere expression, then pocketed the weapon gloomily.

"I'm unstrung," he said. "I hardly know what I'm doing. I've neither seen nor heard a word of him for three days."

"Well," smiled Dean, "I don't see anything very astonishing in that. Surely he's his own master!"

Graill gave a gesture that indicated he did not wish to discuss the matter.

"I'll ring you up," he said, "and let you know when he comes back."

"M-m!" Dean reflected. "That's awkward," he said. "I wanted him to order those two machines to-day."

"You wanted him! Machines!" Graill ejaculated. "What the devil are you driving at?"

Dean favoured him with an impertinent stare.

"You seem to have a novel method of receivin' callers," he said. "Are you a principal here, or what?"

"I am—when Mr. Selby's away."

"You don't say! Well, I hope we shall get on well together. This isn't quite what you'd call an auspicious beginning, is it?"

Dean was polite and easy, but his voice came again, this time curt and threatening.

"Don't handle that gun again, young sir, it might go off."

Now, Graill had lived for some time in Texas, and he knew the meaning of Dean's almost imperceptible movement towards his hip.

"It might," admitted Graill grimly, "and it will if you don't keep that right hand still. That's better. We seem to have graduated in the same school. Now, let's understand this double talk of yours."

The tension of the situation had almost made him forget his anxiety for Richard, but Dean's next words brought it back vividly.

"Certainly," said Dean cheerfully. "Selby's joined the Syndicate, and naturally the first thing to do is to outfit the business throughout with his latest machine. He suggested, when we last talked it over, that we should put two in hand a month, so as not to overcrowd the supplier with business. You look surprised."

"Surprised!" repeated Graill. "It's the most infernal, damnable lie. By gad! if Dick were here he'd smash you."

"Jesso. You're a pyrotechnic young fellow; but I'm sorry I can't keep the display goin' all day. I'm a man of business; see? And I hope you are, too, so as to have made sure of your job here by getting an agreement. Otherwise, my friend, it's likely that you'll be fired out in remarkable short time."

"By you?" said Graill, and laughed.

"No; by the police," replied Dean, indulgently. "I never flurry myself much about unruly subordinates."

"Don't you?" sneered Graill, "and where's your authority to class me as subordinate to you."

Dean patted his breast-pocket and smiled.

"It'll be the police, not you, who'll inspect my authority," he answered gently.

"Think so?" said Graill with an odd lilt of happiness in his voice, "well, I'll spoil the look of you first."

With a bound he was across and grappling with Dean, feeling fiercely for his throat.

It was just then that someone tried the door, found it locked, and paused awhile as though listening. Then there came the tearing sound of splintering wood.

And Richard walked in.

He stood watching the struggle unnoticed for a few moments, and though his face was set and hard, there was a positive flame of exultation in his eyes.

"By the lord, Jim! You're beating him," he said distinctly.

Graill twisted his head round.

"Dick!" he shouted, and broke free.

Dean looked dumbfounded, but the expression passed almost instantly. He smoothed his clothes, and shook his shoulders.

"Gosh!" he said, "you're pretty powerful, young sir."

Graill broke in with an excited explanation, but Richard cut him short.

"Never mind that now," he said, and his gaze was fixed on Dean, who, breathing heavily, still met the look without flinching.

"That precious crew of yours," said Richard, "didn't know how to tie knots. That's one reason. Another is, that the harbour master got inquisitive about their cargo and wanted to see bills of lading." He paused. "It was lucky," he said, "damned lucky for you. I should certainly have killed you if they'd shanghaied me with success."

Dean shrugged his shoulders unabashed.

"I agree with the luck," he said. "I can't say the other contingency disturbs me. It was unfriendly of me, Mr. Selby, though, I assure you if you'd been patient, you'd have found the after-treatment much pleasanter than they served out in the beginning. I was careful about that, because—well, because I like comfort myself."

Richard listened and watched him. His face was now absolutely expressionless.

Dean made a gesture with his hands as though to sweep aside all misunderstanding.

"You see," he said, smiling—yet for the barest fraction of a moment he hesitated. "I—it would be rather lame of me to apologise."

It was the concession of a man who was stinging under the lash of self-contempt, but refused to cringe.

Graill was tense and still, conscious of something magnetic in the air.

For a space of time that was almost painful, the other two eyed each other intently.

Then, a sudden rush of blood dyeing his face, J. T. Dean, the cool, unscrupulous American, lowered his glance and his head, and walked out without another word.

Richard turned slowly, and caught the wonder on Graill's face, which changed as he looked to quick gladness.

"Gad, Dick!" he said impetuously, "how glad——"

Richard gave him a hearty thump on the shoulder.

"Trust you to defend the fortress when I'm away," he said. "You were giving J. T. blue fits."

[*Another of these Stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

GRATIFYING YOUR DESIRE.

There are many things you want, although you cannot in the ordinary way afford to get them.

It is to enable you to gratify your desire that we have reserved the third page of the cover for your use.

There you will find, advertised by other readers, many of the things you want. If they are not advertised, insert a small notice for yourself; it need not cost more than a shilling, and it reaches the right people, because our readers are sportsmen.

GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC SALE.
20 per cent. to 50 per cent. off all Photo. Goods.
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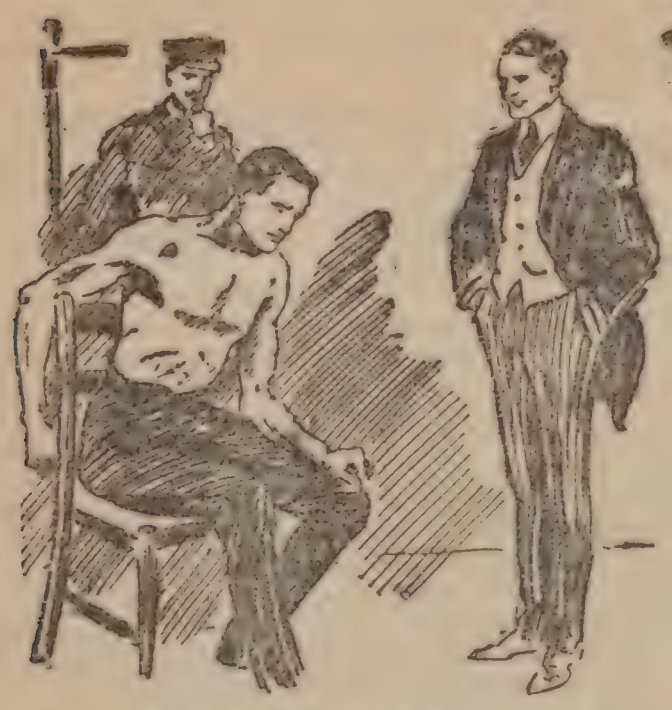


A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

REJECTED!

From time to time there have appeared in THE MODERN MAN stories and articles showing how a man gets to find himself, how his manhood makes its presence noticeable—call it what you will.

I suppose it happens to some men before they reach the age of twenty, and some never experience the sensation at all. In my own case, the awakening occurred largely through reading this paper, and it happened only a month ago. I am twenty-four, strong in body, and fairly alert in mind, and so it hit me pretty badly.

I had been drifting, leading the life of a slacker or whatever you like to term it. I had not been very much of a man. At last I realised it, and nothing seemed too strenuous or virile for me to tackle. I made up my mind to drop billiards, and drinking and rotting generally, and take up sport for all I was worth.

MAD TO JOIN.

I had always had a hankering to be a Territorial, but up to now the trouble involved seemed to be too great, and I had kept aloof. Now, however, I was so keen on joining that, if necessary, I would have given all the little nest-egg that I had gathered together in the savings' bank in order to obtain admission to the force.

I was a bit too late in thinking about it, and found that all the London mounted regiments were full up. I did not consider joining an Infantry corps, for my new vigour seemed to demand a horse beneath me, and I wanted to be able to wear spurs and carry a whip.

In the office in which I work there happened by good fortune to be a sergeant in a county Yeomanry corps which has a London squadron. He is only a youngster, but he had stuck to Yeomanry work for some years, hence his present position. He told me that he thought he could manage to get me through in spite of there being some hundred men on their waiting list.

SWORN IN BEFORE PASSING.

He took me one day at lunch time to see the Squadron Major, a prosperous stockbroker in the City. He introduced me, explained that he would regard it as a personal favour if I could be pushed over the heads of those on the waiting list, and there and then I was sworn in. I have since heard that in some corps it is usual to have the swearing in after the medical examination, but in this instance the facts are as I state.

My friend told me that everything would be rushed through as soon as possible, but that I must wait patiently till I heard from the Sergeant-Major, who would communicate with me concerning the medical examination.

His letter I found one morning upon my breakfast table, and I was more than proud to read the inscription "Trooper——." There seemed more honour in it than either "Mr." or "Esq."

Next night I went after office hours to the headquarters of the squadron, and called at the Sergeant-Major's house as he had asked me to do.

He was a typical ex-Army man, and he looked me up and down as an old soldier usually does.

"You're just the sort of chap we want in our squadron," he said. "We've got a lot of good chaps, but we can do with a few six-footers like you."

He asked me whether I was perfectly fit, and I told him that I had recently passed an insurance doctor as a first-class life.

"Then you're as good as joined," he said.

Together we went to the doctor's house, chatting about different things on the way. I carefully concealed the fact that my left eye was weak. I had heard that it was possible to peep through your fingers at the test, and I intended to practise this mild deception without implicating the Sergeant-Major by informing him of my intentions. I knew I would not need two eyes for shooting, and my right one was quite sound.

We had to wait a moment in the sitting-room while the doctor dealt with a patient. Presently he came through, and there and then I knew that I hated the man. He was not, and never would be, a gentleman. The college or university which qualified him to operate upon men's bodies had certainly not improved his own character. He was sneering, cynical, and offensive.

THE FIRST SNEER.

"Is this man going to pass?" he asked the Sergeant-Major.

"I hope so, sir," said the 'Major. "He's just been passed as a first-class life."

This was an opportunity for the doctor to sneer.

"That means a good deal less than nothing," he said. "I know what insurance examinations are. I shall form my own opinions."

He asked me to strip to the waist, which I did. He sounded me back and front, made me draw in my breath and exhaust it, but, apparently to his annoyance, he could find nothing at fault.

"He's all right in his body," he remarked to the Sergeant-Major, as if I were a cypher or a specimen of prize stock. "We'll see about his eyes."

I noticed that on the wall there was a card with letters of the alphabet jumbled together, not in word form, and in varying sizes. As I was being weighed and measured for height, I shut my right eye and tried to decipher the letters with my left. I could read only the two top rows.

A DESPERATE TRY.

I could see that the doctor had made up his mind to be disagreeable, and I feared that his eye test would not be so brief or so easily passed as the usual test with dots on a card, and therefore, during the weighing process, I endeavoured to commit to memory as many of the letters on the test card as possible.

My weight and everything else was right. I sat down for a moment on a chair while he entered certain facts upon an official form. Suddenly he came across to me.

"Sit where you are," he said, as he placed over my left eye the form he had been filling in.

"Now," he continued, "Look into the mirror at the other side of the room. You see a card with letters on it. Read them from the top downwards as far as you can."

A LOST ENDEAVOUR.

The letters were all reversed, the card being behind me and I seeing only its reflection, but I managed to read every one, for my right eye is as near perfection as may be. I trembled, however, for the fate of my left when the test came.

"Normal, normal," said the doctor. "Now we'll try the other."

He laid the official document over my right eye in a manner which absolutely precluded my using it, and invited me to decipher the letters with my left.

The fact that I was looking into the mirror at the other side of the room doubled the distance of vision, and I found it difficult now to read even the largest letters on the card. As for those beneath, I could only trust to my memory as what they were, and this was not much to upon, for I had had little more than a g them; and you must remember that the were not arranged as words, so that they co not easily be remembered. Trusting to memory, I blundered out "P, E, T, R," as be the letters in the second line on the card.

As a matter of fact, the letters in that line entirely different, and the ones I had given we those of the third line.

"Ah," said the doctor, "I've got you. You trying to spell Peter. You're going by memo

He pointed to a letter here and there on t card, asking me what it was, and the guesses which I made were, I knew, hopeless.

A BRUTE IN OFFICE.

The cruelty of the man was in keeping up t torture. For five full minutes he asked me letter this was and which letter that knew by the grin on his face that I w every time.

"Dress yourself," he said. "You're no use Territorial."

I felt limp all of a sudden, but I couldn't rea that he meant it. I urged that my shooting was all right and that I was sound in every o way, but he only laughed.

I could have killed him when he said: "D yourself, and don't waste time talking."

"Poor chap, I'm sorry," said the Ser Major, as he closed the garden gate behi "but maybe you'll have your chance to serve country in some other way. You never know.

H. G. MAR

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

SOME MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

Too warm a developer will give chemical fog.

Too cold a developer is not suitable for deve ing snapshots.

A good temperature for developing p from 60 to 65 degrees.

A given quantity of developer is only capab doing a fixed amount of work, and will not go developing forever, as some people seem to t

For under-exposures slow the developer diluting with water to two or three time normal bulk.

The most frequent cause of failure in camera work is incorrect exposure.

Slight under-exposure tends to increase cont

Slight over-exposure gives softness of co

Much over-exposure tends to give flatness weakness.

Much under-exposure produces harshne lack of shadow detail.

Hypo should be dissolved in warm wate then allowed to cool before use.

Dust, grease, or other dirt on the lens fruitful cause of fogged or fuzzy negatives.

Draw a full breath just previous to mak hand camera exposure—this steadies the bod

Rock your plate during development; you get a more vigorous negative, and mottling.

Bromide should not be added to a de for snapshots.

Negatives should not be dried in too w place or in sunshine. Neglect of this precau often results in a melted film.

To wrap exposed or unexposed plates in pri paper is to court trouble.

The best hypo eliminator is water, and p of it.

Fixing baths should be fresh and clean; in summer, and moderately warm in winter.

To prevent frilling, avoid sudden extreme ch in the temperatures of solutions. A frequent of frilling is excessive handling of the plate wet.

Holding a plate near to a hot lantern examination is another cause of frilling.

Negatives of interiors, including extreme co trasts of light and shade, require a diluted deve to obtain a long range of gradation.

THE FIND

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. T. (Lerwick).—It is absurd to expect us to return manuscripts that are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. You appear to imagine that yours is the only manuscript we get in a morning's post. We should like to have you, and some others like you, to deal with the manuscripts sent to this office!

D. S. W. (Bedford).—Have nothing to do with the firm to which you refer. You are quite right in supposing that certain outside stockbrokers are all right, but the firm you name is not one of them; it is merely a clumsy imitation of a large and reliable firm which has made itself prosperous and popular by extensive advertising.

R. H. (Cardiff).—Many thanks for leaving your copy in the reading-room of your club. It is highly probable that you have secured us many new readers by doing so. At the same time, we don't want your fellow-members to rely upon your copy, and we should be glad if you would presently discontinue leaving it, so that they will buy the paper for themselves. We are very happy to have readers, but the paper cannot progress unless the readers are also buyers.

E. C. (Lancaster).—Please stop trying to sell us the obvious; we buy only stuff with a dash of originality in it. Try these old wheezes on one of the trust weeklies.

D. E. C. (Brighton).—You can easily clean out a horse's hind shoes without danger, if you go the right way to work. Have one hand on the hamstring while you lift the hoof with the other, and while you are scraping out the shoe hold his foot hard against your own leg. He can't kick you then; the worst he can do is to push you.

G. C. F. (Salisbury).—There is no reason why the tie-pin should tear your tie, provided you put it in properly. Don't shove it down, but twist it from side to side. The screw we have had fitted on the League tie-pins is to prevent them from slipping out.

A. W. (Kirkby Stephen).—Gauntlet cuffs are, for the moment at least, fashionable. Better have your new suits built that way.

H. S. (Carlisle).—If you want to join the Army, go to your nearest Recruiting Sergeant. He will tell you all about it.

D. R. (Rochester).—Whenever we have evidence that an advertiser does not do all that he professes, we knock him out in quick time; but we refuse to take as evidence the statements made in another journal which lives on sensationalism and libel.

F. M. (Great Yarmouth).—As you will see elsewhere, we have arranged to have badges fitted as safety pins.

G. R. (Newcastle).—Many thanks for getting three newsagents to show our poster. This is a real service, and we appreciate it.

T. B. H. (Birmingham).—Don't be deceived by the stories of people who have made fortunes from patents. The idea you send us would never be a financial success. Not more than one in a hundred inventions patented ever bring money to their creators.

"MAC." (Falkirk).—We fully appreciate what you say. So far as our experience goes it is a characteristic of the Scots not to have a thing they can't afford to pay for, and the more credit to them! The best of luck to you and our other friends across the Border.

S. A. (Berlin).—Glad to know that we are popular amongst British residents in the German capital.

C. L. (Cardiff).—It doesn't make the slightest difference to us whether you have a silver badge or a gilt one; in fact, we think personally that the gilt looks the better of the two. It is very kind of you to ask us, but we are not out to make profit on these badges. We are looking a bit farther ahead—to the establishment of a gigantic League. Already it is large.

How to Catch Fish in Winter.

SOME TIPS FOR THE KEEN ANGLER.

In the rivers of this country there are only some half-dozen varieties of fish which are suitable for winter sport. Here are the habits and peculiarities of each class of fish, together with hints which should swell the contents of the fisherman's basket.

Let me commence with grayling. This beautiful fish is found in water from 8in. to 2ft. in depth. It may be fished for in "glides" immediately above a rough stream, or on the sides where the water has a sharp running surface, which is not broken. When fly-fishing, the writer has found it necessary to strike when the slightest break appears on the surface. Tighten the line immediately, for the fly is sometimes taken without any visible sign. The finest tackle is essential for success. Hair casts are required to float on the surface of the water, because this fish invariably takes the fly in this manner.

Grayling lie on the bed of the river, or remain as near there as possible. They give a sharp upward turn when feeding, and then fall back to their original position. When food is scarce, and sharp frosts prevent the hatching out of insect life, use the little red or "Cockspur" worm. The hook employed is a fine-wired Crystal with a round bend, and No. 7 or 8 is advisable.

The number employed depends on the size of the bait, but it must be remembered that this variety of worm runs thin on the hook. Fish within a few inches of the bottom. A clear course is required to reveal the bite, and the angler must strike immediately.

"SWIMMING."

A very light round cork is used in the North for "swimming," and generally one "shot" is also employed. Maggots are fished on a No. 13 or 14. Only one maggot should be utilised at a time, and this should be swum in the same manner as the worm.

Throw the line up stream, and pay out sufficient line to escape reeling-up. A tight line is essential in order to give the angler full control.

A grayling invariably takes a moving bait, so bottom fishing is quite fruitless. This fish also feeds best after a hard frost. The heaviest catch in the writer's recollection was on a frosty day when it was quite impossible to see across the river. Worms were used, and wading must always take place when this fish is being angled for.

THE RETIRING CHUB.

Chub differ in every way from grayling. As soon as winter has set in chub retire to deep waters, with many backwaters formed by overhanging willows or wreckage. Quiet eddies may be selected for the initial cast.

This fish never frequents heavy running water in winter, as its natural inclination at this time of the year tends to sluggish streams.

Cheese paste has been found of great service as bait. To get the very best results take one half pound of cheese. This must not be dry or in any sense discarded. The "Red American" has been found to be the most suitable.

A boiled potato—about the size of a walnut—is mixed with the pounded cheese. The whole must be thoroughly mixed until the consistency is as bread-dough. The test is whether it can be handled without being "sticky." When fishing throw some few pieces in the selected spot. Cover the whole hook (No. 6) with a piece as large as a hazel nut, and oblong in shape.

This bait is fished on the bottom of the stream, and if chub are feeding, then the paste is taken immediately. The angler must be prepared to strike at once. The paste is taken boldly, and the float goes away very quickly. Lob worms are also used on the bottom as bait, but this method is slower and not so satisfactory.

A fairly stout rod and tackle must be provided when fishing for chub. The fact that the fish vary so much in weight, the immediate rush for the alders, willows, roots, or wreckage, the difficult places in which you have to fish—all these render some substantial apparatus necessary. The angler is always of necessity fishing from the banks of the stream.

Pike are not often found in shallows. A favourite place is a deep hole beside a rough stream. Weeds may be taken as an indication, because these are used for shelter. Four baits may be employed, of which the first three are strongly recommended—small roach, dace, very small chub, gudgeon.

Here are some notes on "trawling" which may prove of service. Impale the bait on triangle hooks varying from one to three in a "trace"—that is, above each other. There are two swivels—one above the hooks and another where the line is fastened or looped through. This double set results in a better spinning movement.

LEARNING TO CAST.

Cast off the reel and practise till any given point within forty or fifty yards can be reached.

When fishing with "live" bait and float, use a single large hook put through the back fin, with one triangle inserted about the tail. A float large enough to prevent the bait pulling it under the surface is necessary to keep the bait in motion, but it must not be too heavy, or the small fish will soon be fatigued.

This method is the same as "trawling," only in the latter case the bait swims about at its own free will. The distance from float to bait varies according to the depth of the stream. A yard is the average length. Another useful bait is "dead gorge"—that is, impaled small fish of the above varieties. Use a fairly heavy "ledger" and fish on the bottom. This is the easiest for the angler, and can be employed towards the end of the day.

THE TACTICS FOR ROACH.

Roach frequent a deep but sluggish stream. The depth of water may range from 5ft. to 15ft.; the bottom is generally mud or sand.

The finest tackle must be provided—a single hair or finely-drawn gut. If No. 14 or 15 hook is used, then one maggot is sufficient, but two are necessary when using No. 12 or 13. It must be remembered that a roach has the smallest mouth of any fish in comparison to its size.

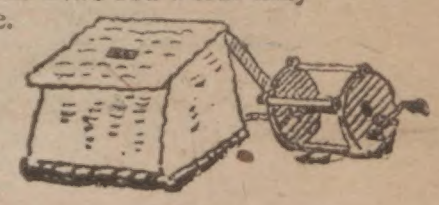
If bread paste is used, pay particular attention to the consistency of the dough, otherwise the penetrating power of the hook is diminished.

Feed the spot with balls of paste, maggots, or gentles. A tail-end of the lob worm or the little red worm has been found successful in fairly heavy water. Maggots may also be employed in this connection. A little-known bait is "creed" wheat, or rice.

Perch frequent all still places, especially where overhanging banks or trees provide a resting-place. Minnows are fished in several ways as bait. Either the hook is inserted through the back fin, or the top lip receives the bait.

Dace, in winter, remove their habitation to steadier water. The universal bait is maggots, and the finest tackle with a No. 12, 13, or 14 Crystal hook is employed. In very steady portions of the stream impale two maggots. A small float is used because this fish bites shyly during the winter season. The little red worm may also be used with advantage.

JOSEPH KNOWLSON.



The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TIE-PINS.

At the request of the Editor I wrote last week a few hints in another column on the tying of a stock tie.

I have myself always favoured the use of a safety pin for fastening a stock. An ordinary straight pin has an unpleasant tendency to come out of a stock, especially as it is generally worn only for some form of hard exercise.

I therefore take some credit to myself for having persuaded the Editor to have a certain number of THE MODERN MAN badges made up as safety pins.

If worn horizontally in a stock tie, these look extremely well. I have had my own gold one converted in this way as an experiment, and the result is most effective.

For the ordinary sailor knot the safety pin form of badge is not quite so suitable, and the pin already issued is hardly to be improved upon.

I have noticed several men in London wearing the badge in this way, and if I have been wearing my own pin I have nearly always got a nod of recognition, even if neither of us had time to stop for a few minutes' conversation. But I have been struck in each case with the neatness of the badge, which to the uninitiated non-reader looks like an ordinary tie-pin that is just a little out of the common.

A QUIET COLOUR SCHEME.

I observed a man in the street the other day who struck me as being particularly well dressed, but when I came to look more closely at his attire I was astonished at the extreme simplicity of it, and the apparent ease with which it had been attained.

His suit was of a broad twill grey material which has, I believe, just become fashionable. It was cut in the latest style but without that exaggeration of it which so often neutralises the effect, and the coat was neither too full nor too long in the skirt, nor too close-fitting at the waist. The trousers were perhaps slightly wider at the knees than at the ankles, but they were not of the exaggerated "peg-top" variety.

His tie was of loosely-knitted plain black silk, and his socks were of black with "clocks" embroidered in white silk at the sides.

He was also wearing black brogue shoes of a light pattern suitable for town wear.

There was nothing at all in his attire that was costly or aggressively fashionable, but the restraint of it, and the harmony of the black and grey produced a most pleasing effect.

Had he been wearing coloured socks, or a coloured tie and black socks, the result would certainly not have been so noticeably good. It may have been due largely to the fact that he was possessed of a fine athletic figure which would probably have given distinction to whatever he wore, but I could not help admiring his good taste.

BROWN AND BLACK.

Talking of black socks and black shoes, have you ever noticed that while black socks and brown shoes form a quite presentable combination, black shoes and socks of any shade of brown never seem to look well together?

It is a curious fact, and one which can hardly be explained, but it seems to be generally recognised, for you will rarely find a well-dressed man wearing brown socks with black shoes.

If coloured socks are to be worn at all with black boots or shoes, the most suitable colours to introduce seem to be shades of grey or purple and all the numerous gradations that lie between them.

WINTER SHIRTS.

Shirts without some sort of cuff are not advisable for summer wear, and either the Oxford or a soft shirt with double cuffs is nowadays most usually worn.

But for winter use the cuff may well be dispensed with, and with a shirt of flannel or flannelette it is actually unsightly.

In winter, also, an overcoat is so often worn, at least in town, that cuffs become unnecessary; while in the country they are so at most times.

CONCERNING CUFFS.

The gauntlet cuff is perhaps not quite so much in favour for the lounge jacket this winter, but for overcoats it is undoubtedly still the fashion.

It is advisable when ordering gauntlet cuffs, either for a lounge or for an overcoat, to stipulate that they shall be lined with the same material as the coat is made of, and not with an ordinary lining.

Otherwise the cuff is liable to get turned back a little or to show the lining, and this, of course, looks extremely bad.

This can be averted, no doubt, by having the turned-back cuff tacked on to the sleeve, but this is not advisable, as it makes the double cuff more of a mere ornament than it is in any case, and although the gauntlet cuff was never meant for a pocket, it is sometimes very useful in an overcoat for slipping a railway or tram ticket into.

THE WEARING OF LEGGINGS.

With the advent of the bad weather the popularity of leggings, noticeable last year, is again becoming apparent.

There is small danger of the horsey man wearing his leggings in an unsuitable way. Utility guides him in a matter like this, but there are some who wear leggings and have never been on a horse. I do not for a moment blame them, for there is no better leg-covering for wet weather.

At the same time, it is a hideous thing to see a man with leggings that are badly put on. The other day I saw a man in the Strand with his leggings on the wrong legs. For weather-resisting purposes this is perhaps no fault, but it hurts the eye of any man who has the slightest appreciation of detail.

Of course, everyone knows that the buckles of leggings should be on the outer side of the leg, in the case of button leggings, the row of buttons should run down the bone in front of the leg, and the flap with the buttonholes should come over from the inside of the leg on top of them.

By the way, in the matter of buttoning leggings it is important that you should fix them in the way I have mentioned. I well remember the time when leggings were cut loose all the way down and very often buttoned at the side, but that fashion has long since passed, and the one and only place for the buttons now to run is down the centre. You must, however, not turn them too far round towards the inside, for if you do, they would be in the way when riding.

ARE YOU A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN?

If so, there must be hundreds of occasions upon which it is necessary for you to be out in the pouring rain, and equally necessary that you keep dry. No other garment can possibly give such perfect protection as

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but it must be one upon which you can rely. Dudley mackintoshes are

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Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dark green lounge suit with fancy vest, 16s.; grey winter overcoat, 9s.; "Raynrezysta" overcoat (grey, new), 12s. 6d.; brown brogue shoes (8), 5s. Owner 5ft. 8in., chest 36in.—Box 1350, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Good pair riding breeches, nearly new; sacrifice, 10s.; great bargain.—Box 1353, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Overcoat, winter, dark iron grey, smooth tweed Chesterfield, velvet collar, chest over waistcoat 40in. Cost £3; 18s.—Box 1354, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's mackintosh, very smart; good Melton overcoat; 25s. each.—Box 1355, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Butcher's ¼-plate folding camera, six dark slides, splendid condition; grow-tall apparatus, with course, cost £3 3s., accept 35s. or best offer; exchange for phonograph.—Box 1349, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Wanted, billiard table, in good condition, 6ft. 5in. by 3ft. 5in., or near, with all accessories; must be cheap.—Box 1357, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Dog food.—See Molassine advt., page 15.

POULTRY YARD.

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Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

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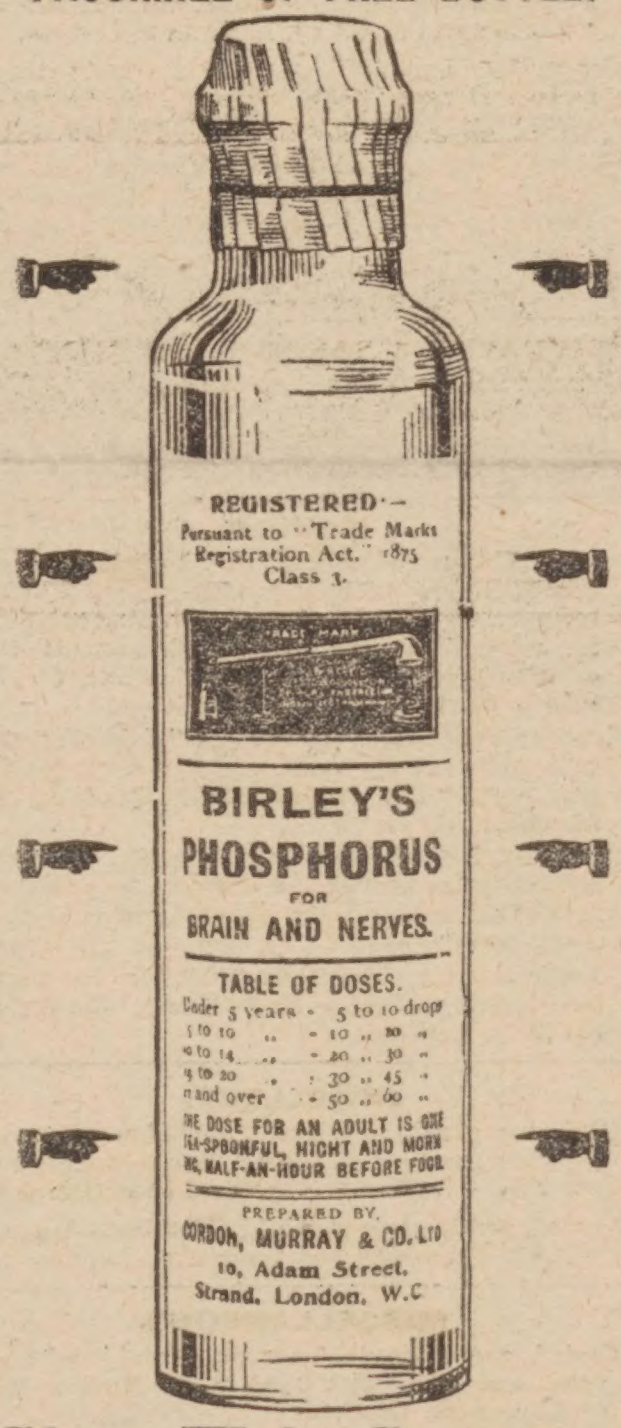
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Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

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